

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1913.

SIXPENCE.

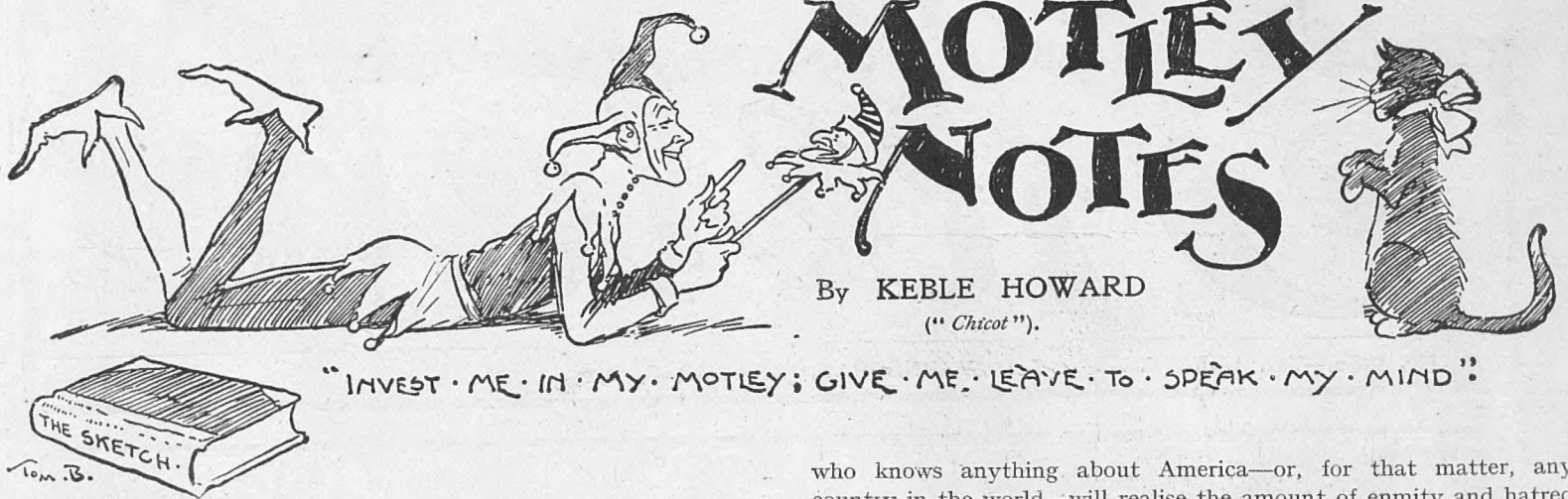


RECEIVER OF MUCH PUBLIC SYMPATHY FOR HER DETENTION ON ELLIS ISLAND BY THE UNITED STATES BOARD OF IMMIGRATION: MISS MARIE LLOYD, THE FAMOUS AND INIMITABLE MUSIC-HALL STAR.

Considerable interest was aroused the other day when it became known that Miss Marie Lloyd, the inimitable English music-hall artiste, had been detained on Ellis Island, New York, by the Board of Immigration, who issued an order for her deportation on the ground that she was living with a man who was not her husband. A similar order was issued against Mr. Bernard Dillon, the well-known jockey, who arrived with Miss Lloyd, on the "Olympic." Miss Lloyd admitted that Mr. Dillon was not her legal husband, and said: "There was no legal way in which I could marry Dillon after we found we loved one another. All our friends have understood

our position and have regarded us as man and wife." Further, she stated that she was to marry Mr. Dillon as soon as a divorce should be brought about. No very long time passed before Miss Lloyd was released, together with Mr. Dillon. The famous comédienne then said: "I shall never appear again before the American public. . . I have withdrawn my appeal against the verdict of the Immigration Authorities, for I do not wish to remain a single day longer than necessary in a country which has treated me as I have been treated." She then engaged cabins for the return journey. Later, Miss Lloyd decided to stay in America to fulfil her contracts.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



A Great Little Judge.

"I walked back to my hotel in company with another honoured member of the club—a Judge of the Superior Court. . . . In San Francisco even a Judge is quite near to his fellow-man. On that moonlight midnight walk we talked of books and plays, of the relations existing between England and America, of the great earthquake and the greater fire, of the future of San Francisco and the huge Exposition of 1915, of clubs, and good men, and charming women; of the sweetnesses and bitternesses of life. Gallant, sweet-hearted little gentleman, I take off my hat to you! And I take off my hat to California, the Land of Real Men! May God and the Good Fairies be with you!"

It is nearly three years, friend the reader, since I wrote those words on this page, but I remember that midnight walk and talk as vividly as though they happened yesterday. The Judge of whom I spoke was William P. Lawlor, famous and beloved throughout the Western States. He told me that he had been engaged for a long time past in the prosecution of "graft"—which is American, I believe, for bribery and corruption—in San Francisco, and that every day in the Courts he was quite prepared to have a bullet put through him. He was a small man, clean-shaven, with a rosy, cherubic face. Being a bachelor, he lived at the Family Club, and he showed me with great pride his uniform editions of Dickens, Stevenson, Thackeray, and many other of our great writers. His manner was as simple as a child's.

A Happy Sequel.

After those preliminary paragraphs, you will expect to hear, I suppose, that my great little friend has crossed the Great Border. Nothing of the sort. I opened in that way because I want you to realise, in the first place, the enormous difference that a mere six thousand miles can make in the mental attitude of two nations. And, in the second place, I want to assure you, despite the pessimists, that self-sacrifice is not a quality of the past.

I received yesterday a copy of the *Oakland Tribune*, dated Sept. 11. A red-ink mark drew my attention to the following article—

"GRAFT CASES OVER: JUDGE WILL WED."

"Typical of the eccentricities that have predominated in his rugged, honest life, Superior Judge William P. Lawlor, who was a notable figure in the prosecution of graft in San Francisco, postponed his wedding-day because two unfortunate periods of his life might have made it awkward for the woman he loved. The first period that prevented the wedding was the 'unpleasantness of the graft trials,' and the second was an accident that broke a shoulder-blade and caused months of physical suffering.

"Judge Lawlor explained his never-too-late-to-marry policy this morning. His was not a romance of the moment, but of years. He wooed his ideal of womanhood a decade ago, but love, politics, and graft cases were tangled in a serious knot, and the Judge decided that he would brush Cupid aside for a while and marry only when he had thoroughly expurged the graft-prosecution from his system.

"Having accomplished this end, he was ready to go to the altar; then came the accident—a fall from a street car and a broken shoulder. But full recovery from two ills made again the Judge a happy man, and the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft will soon watch over the lives of 'yours trulies.'"

Pluck.

My heartiest congratulations to the great little Judge, and my heartiest congratulations to the lady who has waited so long for this hero of civil life. Anybody

who knows anything about America—or, for that matter, any country in the world—will realise the amount of enmity and hatred that, howling and spitting, surrounds the man who takes the straight course through life. Honesty and directness of purpose have an almost maddening effect on those who cannot understand sincerity and simplicity. I heard, the other day, of an Italian lady who said of a man who was marrying into her family, "I hate that man! I wouldn't trust him for a single instant! He looks you straight in the eyes and tells the truth when a lie would have served his purpose far better!"

But the "white" men still out-number the "spotted" men, and Judge Lawlor is to-day one of the best-beloved citizens.

American Headlines.

The *Oakland Tribune* is a very "live" little paper. I often wonder why English people, who would like to know something about America without the trouble and expense of going there, do not get their newsagent to supply them with a few American papers. I am sure they would find them vastly entertaining. Here, for example, is a puzzle for the family circle on a dull autumn evening—

"'I SHOULD WORRY' HAT HERE CAUSES STARING ON CAMPUS."

What does it mean? The line appears over the photograph of a good-looking young woman in a quiet cap drawn down over her ears. Then follows the "explanation": "Miss Rowe appeared on the university campus yesterday with the very latest in smart bonnets. She calls it the 'I should worry' hat, and it lives up to the name. It is about the jauntiest, sauciest little thing ever seen about the classic halls of learning, the students declare. Staid professors stopped and for a moment forgot that a cosine's logarithm is equal to the co-efficient of the angle tangent to the curve formed by the intersection of an elliptical body with a plane on an angle equal to half that of the base—or words to that effect. . . . It made a hit, all right, and other fair co-eds are now striving to emulate."

Here you have the effect of a stimulating climate on the English language. Compare the fashion-notes in many of our raciest papers, and you will find them very staid.

Breakfast v. Lunch.

There has been some talk in the papers of late about the "danger" or something of heavy breakfasts. When I lived in town, I used to be an opponent of breakfast for the very simple reason that when one lives in town one sits up late and has supper; further, town-dwellers do not get out in the fresh air, as a rule, before breakfast. Now that I am living the simple life of the country, and look on life through the eyes of Nature, I go to bed early, and make a habit of getting out into the fresh air every morning before breakfast. The consequence is that I am ready for a good breakfast, and ready, after it, for a good morning's work.

The man who doesn't breakfast finds himself savagely hungry at lunch-time, with the result that he eats far too much lunch; and can do nothing in the way of work for the rest of the day. The luncheon habit is all wrong. It is all wrong because it kills the afternoon, which is nearly as valuable, either for work or play, as the morning. The best arrangement of the day is to work hard all the morning, play hard in the fresh air all the afternoon, and idle hard all the evening. At the universities, the men who go in for athletics—which means ninety-nine out of a hundred—take bread-and-butter for lunch, with a glass of cold water. (Any alcohol at luncheon is fatal.) But they eat enormous breakfasts, and they do very well at dinner. They would do far better at dinner, by the way, if college dinners were better cooked, but that is another subject.

THE NICOLSON-SACKVILLE-WEST WEDDING: SOME SNAPSHOTS.



1. VERY SMILING: THE BRIDE (FORMERLY THE HON. VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST) AS SHE WAS LEAVING KNOLE PARK FOR HER HONEYMOON.
3. A PAGE: VISCOUNT MOORE, SON OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA.

2. AT THE WEDDING OF THE HON. VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST: LADY DROGHEDA AND VISCOUNT MOORE, ONE OF THE PAGES.

4. THE BRIDE IN HER FINE CLOTH-OF-GOLD WEDDING-DRESS: THE HON. MRS. HAROLD NICOLSON.

The wedding of the Hon. Victoria Sackville-West, only child of Lord and Lady Sackville, of Knole Park, Sevenoaks, and Mr. Harold Nicolson, of the Diplomatic Service, third son of Sir Arthur Nicolson, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was solemnised in the private chapel of Knole Park on October 1. The majority of the guests had to be content to assemble in the great hall during the religious ceremony, for the chapel has only seats for twenty-six. The bride's dress, which was in cloth-of-

gold with a Persian pattern upon it, was designed by Lady Sackville. The satin under-dress was veiled with Irish point lace which belonged to the Countess of Dorset, wife of Thomas Sackville, to whom Queen Elizabeth gave the Knole estate. The lace on the Court train was the same as that used on the dress, and was worn by the bride's paternal grandmother at her wedding, by Lord Sackville at his christening, by Lady Sackville at her wedding, and by the bride at her christening.

BILL-POSTERS, STICK FAST TO YOUR PRINCIPLES!



THE BILL THE BILL-STICKERS WILL NOT STICK: "THE DANCE OF THE BLACK PEARL,"
THE CENSORED POSTER OF "C'EST CHIC."

It was reported the other day that this poster, one of those designed to advertise the revue, "C'est Chic," at the Middlesex Music-Hall, had been banned by the Censorship Committee of the Bill-Posters' Association. The

original is printed in black and white and pink; and it is possibly the last of these three colours which the bill-posters, sticking fast to their principles, do not consider the pink of perfection.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. MILTON ROSMER—FOR HIS VENTURESOMENESS IN PREPARING TO START A REPERTORY THEATRE IN LONDON.

Mr. Milton Rosmer, who is at present playing Malise in Mr. John Galsworthy's "The Fugitive," at the Prince of Wales's, hopes to establish a repertory theatre in the West End, with plays to run for a month or more. In similar ventures in the provinces a week has been the usual limit.—Master Anthony Asquith, the Prime Minister's son, is very keen on aviation. The other day he sent a model glider to the Editor of "Flight" with a letter explaining that it was a copy of the Westlake monoplane.—Eugnette, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bolce, of Hampstead, is the first baby born on strictly Eugenic



MASTER ANTHONY ASQUITH—FOR BEING MORE INTERESTED IN AIR-PROBLEMS THAN THE LAND QUESTION.



MISS EUGENETTE BOLCE, THE FIRST EUGENIC BABY—FOR HER PECULIARLY EARLY APPRECIATION OF HARRY LAUDER.

principles. During the pre-natal period all possible beneficial influences were brought to bear upon her. Among other things, the parents endeavoured to inculcate a sense of humour, and to this end they re-read "Three Men in a Boat," visited its author (Jerome K. Jerome) and H. G. Wells, and at the halls sat at the feet of such mirth-provokers as Harry Lauder, George Robey, and Wilkie Bard.—Abe Mitchell, the artisan-golfer, who recently left the ranks of amateurs for those of professionals, immediately afterwards wrote, in the "Golf Monthly," a scathing attack on alleged snobbery and class-feeling among amateur golfers.

Photographs by Warwick Brooks, Thomson, Farrington Photo. Co., and Sport and General.



ABE MITCHELL—FOR BEING BOLD ENOUGH TO DENOUNCE AMATEUR-GOLF SNOBBERY JUST AFTER BECOMING A PROFESSIONAL.



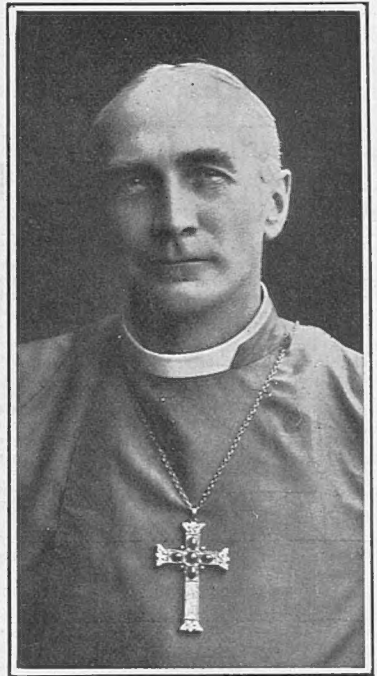
SIR VANSITTART BOWATER—FOR BEING THE FIRST MANCUNIAN ELECTED LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Sir Vansittart Bowater, the new Lord Mayor of London, is the first Manchester man to hold that office, and he is also one of the youngest Lord Mayors on record, being only fifty-one. He is head of Messrs. W. V. Bowater and Sons, the well-known paper-makers.—The newly elected Sheriffs of the City are Lieutenant-



SHERIFFS JOHN HUMPHERY AND F. G. PAINTER—FOR BEING ELECTED TO THE HONOURS OF THE CITY SHRIEVALTY.

Colonel and Alderman John Humphery and Deputy-Alderman F. G. Painter. Colonel Humphery commands the Surrey (Queen Mary's) Regiment of Yeomanry.—The Bishop of London's sermon at the Church Congress at Southampton on the Invocation of Saints aroused much criticism.—[Photographs by Miles and Kave, and Record Press.]



THE BISHOP OF LONDON—FOR BRAVING CRITICISM BY HIS SERMON ON THE INVOCATION OF SAINTS.



SIR FREDERICK TREVES—FOR HIS GOOD NEWS THAT RADIUM EMANATIONS CAN BE HAD "BOTTLED" AS WELL AS ON DRAUGHT.

Sir Frederick Treves, who is chairman of the Executive Council of the Radium Institute, announced the other day, in reviewing the work of the Institute, a most important discovery as to the curative powers of radium in cancer and rheumatism. The new discovery is that the emanations of radium are as efficacious as radium itself, and can be "bottled," so to speak, and sent to doctors by post at a small cost compared with the enormous value of radium itself. Radium water—that is, water impregnated with radium—has also been invented.—Sir Almroth Wright has had the courage to stick to his guns which he first brought to bear on the Suffragettes in his famous letter to the "Times," in March last year, on "Militant



SIR ALMROTH WRIGHT—FOR HIS DARING IN PUBLISHING "THE UNEXPURGATED CASE AGAINST WOMAN SUFFRAGE."



MR. PERCY ILLINGWORTH, M.P.—FOR SAYING THAT HIS CABINET GUESTS AT ARRAN HAD GOOD FUN AND ADMIRED THE SCENERY.

Hysteria." His new book, "The Unexpurgated Case Against Woman Suffrage," is equally uncompromising.—Mr. Percy Illingworth was not giving much away as to the proceedings of "the Arran Cabinet," consisting of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, Colonel Seely, and Mr. Runciman, who were recently his guests at Brodick Castle. He informed a newspaper man that they enjoyed their visit very much, got some good fun out of it, and "all admired the scenery."—In his now-famous Cahirciveen speech on Home Rule, Mr. Redmond said: "Our ship is at the harbour's-mouth, the glass is 'set fair,' and the orders are 'Full steam ahead!'" —[Photographs by Mendelssohn, Lafayette, and Beresford.]



MR. JOHN REDMOND—FOR SAYING THAT THE ORDERS ON A SHIP AT THE HARBOUR'S-MOUTH ARE "FULL STEAM AHEAD!"

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EVERY EVENING at 8.15. Matinee Sats. at 2.15. Mr. George Edwardes' Production,
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Every Evening at 8. **JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.** By Louis N. Parker.
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15s., and £1 1s. "I Should Worry," Edith Leitch, George Robey, Phil Ray, Varieties, etc.

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and removed from the Old Star Inn, Yarmouth; fenders, mirrors and screens, fauteuils and settees
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cretonne, old oak dressers and upright hall clocks, and 18th century oak cabinet, marble and
gilt clocks, oil paintings, water-colour drawings and old prints, books, plated articles, pedestal
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GALE AND POLDEN.
The Book of Un-Natural History. 2s. 6d.
"ANIMALS' GUARDIAN" OFFICE.
The Under Dog. Edited by Sidney Trist.
FISHER UNWIN.
The Court of the King, and Other Studies.
Margaret Benson. 3s. 6d. net.
LONGMANS.
Father Gregory. P. C. Wren. 6s.
GREENING.
Black Honey. C. Ranger Gull. 6s.
The Cornish Coast and Moors. A. G. Folliott
Stokes. 5s. net.
ILIFFE.
Motor-Cycles and How to Manage Them. 1s
net.

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Life and Writings of Maurice Maeterlinck.
Jethro Bithell. 1s. net.
War in Space. Louis Gastine. 3s. 6d. net.
CHATTO AND WINDUS.
The Dust of the Road. Marjorie Patterson. 6s.
Barbara of the Thorn. Netta Syrett. 6s.
Justice Suspended. Richard Marsh. 6s.
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The Life and Times of Arabella Stuart. M. Lafuse.
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East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"THE NEW DUKE" introduces a new playwright, Mr. Douglas Murray. His first venture is not quite satisfactory, for he seems too anxious to get laughter at any price, and some of his jokes are not very funny, but are of doubtful taste. The idea upon which the piece is founded—that of a dukedom suddenly cast upon the professor of eugenics—seems funny enough, but, unfortunately, no effort is made in the character of "Mr. Ansell" to suggest that he was an ex-professor or anybody but just Mr. Weedon Grossmith. However, the theatrical world is always willing to accept Mr. Grossmith as himself if he has opportunities of presenting comic embarrassment and comic swank, so there was plenty of laughter at the sight of him being bullied by the domineering Dowager Duchess and making love to the buxom Lizzie Rogers—or rather, allowing her to make love to him; and the house screamed with laughter at the sight of him with twins, the consequence of his "eugenic" marriage. Perhaps the old playgoer sighs at the word "twins," a subject the humours of which are almost as stale as the mother-in-law jokes, but people in the theatre seem to like old jokes better than new. Miss Dorothy Drake makes a fine figure as Lizzie Rogers, and acts with spirit; whilst, as the mother-in-law, Miss Mary Brough plays with much vigour and broad comicality. Miss Mary Rorke was impressive as the Dowager Duchess, but could not quite conceal her native charm; and the piece seems well to the taste of playgoers, but I hope that the new author next time may give something more essentially novel.

The second *première* in the week at the theatres also presents a new dramatist, for "Collision," given at the Vaudeville, is from the pen of Miss Bridget MacLagan, and is reported to be her first venture. This is the case of a newcomer who really counts, for though the play has many faults, it exhibits much talent and real freshness of treatment. And such courage, such ambition! The most practised craftsman might funk the task of attempting to put as much into the play as we found indicated in "Collision." It is interesting throughout, and sometimes thrilling—indeed, the scene where the orthodox Anglo-Indian official throws out the English demagogue agitator and has an insane fit of passion thrilled the whole audience, and Mr. Norman McKinnel played it superbly and earned tumultuous applause. I preferred the quieter scenes and the pictures of native life, which, to my untravelled mind, were peculiarly convincing—quite unlike the kind of local colour to which we are accustomed. Moreover, in Choula, the poetic Indian philosopher, admirably presented by Mr. Malcolm Cherry, we had a very impressive, engaging character. Interwoven with the plot about Indian affairs there is a battle of two women about a man, between Mrs. Digby, the brave, true wife of the Colonel, to retain his love, and a very flamboyant person called Imogen Daunt, to win him from her. Miss Grace Lane presented the wife with a beautiful air of sincerity; but Miss Alice Crawford, as Imogen, was rather absurdly melodramatic, and marred many of her scenes by extravagance. The humours of the play were in the hands of Mr. Douglas Munro, as the fat old native, and he made a great deal out of them by quiet, skilful acting. I ought also to mention Miss Suzanne Sheldon and Mr. Mayeur, quite clever as native conspirators; and, lastly, Mr. Leslie Carter, who gave a vivid picture of the cocksure demagogue, prepared to revolutionise India after a trifling study of her vast and numerous questions. "Collision" is not only an interesting play, but it may also serve a useful purpose by causing people to think about the difficult problems of the government of India and its teeming millions.

"This Way, Madam," the new entertainment at the Queen's Theatre, shows a continued belief in the efficacy of highly flavoured French farce bowdlerised for British consumption. There is an able and natural piece of acting by Mr. Maurice Farkoa, and beyond that nothing but the old story of comic husbands and unfaithful wives, partly redeemed by a certain novelty in the conception of a gallant young man who is adored so much that he welcomes with rapture a girl who can resist him.

"The Laughing Husband," the new German musical comedy at the New Theatre, presents a rare phenomenon—a play saved by its last act. As the last act is chiefly Mr. James Blakeley, and there is hardly any music in it, this is a hard thing to say of a musical comedy; but it is, unfortunately, true. Herr Eysler's music had been ambitious, and agreeable enough, but not particularly noteworthy; the same thing might be said of the singers, prominent among whom were Miss Daisy Irving and Mr. George Carvey. Mr. Courtice Pounds alone had held the audience in his quiet and soothing way, singing and acting with meaning, as he always does; and the story of the kindly husband and the wife who, in a fit of pique, had allowed herself to be caught alone in the dark with an ardent Count had not presented any features of special interest. It had been just a moderate musical comedy, without comic relief; and then the customary reconciliation was necessary, and Mr. Blakeley appeared as a solicitor with a talent as a reconciler, which he exercised upon the three couples whose adventures we had been following. He woke things up wonderfully. It was like a clever act from a really successful farce. Speaking the author's words and his own, he was at the very top of his form; and the wild applause which followed was largely the measure of his success.



A ROYAL HOUSE OF BURGUNDY: HAUNTS OF THE WINE-CONNOISSEUR IN FRANCE.

In Dijon.

It was real Southern summer weather during the days I was at the capital of Burgundy. The sunlight was white and had real heat in it, and it was pleasant to have the jalousies of my room closed to keep out heat and light during the hot hours, as one does in the East. The two rival cafés opposite to the Hôtel de la Cloche kept their bands at night in the open air outside their terrasses, and a crowd moved about in the road from the ladies' band (which was good to look upon) to the men's band (which played better). A cinematograph screen put up on the opposite side of the street by one of the cafés provided amusement

The Decline of French Railway Buffets.

Some of the buffets at the French railway-stations retain their ancient fame, and Dijon is one of these, but I fancy that the inclusion of restaurant-cars in all the great express trains of Europe has rung the knell of the buffets as dining-places for the gourmet *en voyage*. The Calais buffet was, and is, an excellent lunching place; but how few men who travel nowadays, when going to Paris, spend the twenty minutes before the train starts in the buffet! The less hurried meal in the restaurant-car is the obvious lunch to eat. There used to be a little club of gourmets, of whom the late John Hollingshead was one of the members, who crossed every Sunday in the morning to Calais, lunched at the buffet, and came back by an afternoon boat, obtaining on their outing a fine brisk-up of good sea air and an excellent luncheon. Can one imagine anyone crossing from France to England to dine at a railway station at any of our ports of entry? That would belong to the world of burlesque.



WHERE ANCIENT GRECIAN LIFE AND DANCING ARE REPRODUCED TO-DAY:
MME. ISADORA DUNCAN'S SCHOOL AT DARMSTADT.

Photograph by Zinsel.

for the crowd on the road (through whom the tram-cars cut like ships through a sea), as well as for the people in the café.

A Wonderful Wine-List.

I asked M. Gorges, the proprietor of the Hôtel de la Cloche—who, being a wise man, looks after his hotel and restaurant himself—to recommend to me the best pint of burgundy in his cellar, and he, with an expression of regret that I did not feel equal to a bottle (for the best wines of that wonderful cellar are in bottles only), selected a Romanée Conti for me. And, being a connoisseur first and an *hôte* in the second place, he did not select the most expensive wine of which there are pints. The wine-list of La Cloche is an education in burgundies to anyone who studies it, for all the great wines of the great years since 1874 are represented on it. And on the first page a celebrated gourmet has classified the burgundies as though they were a royal family, putting Chambertin first, as the king of wines; Romanée Conti second, as the queen; and Clos Vougeot third, as the princess royal. The dukes and duchesses of the blood royal and various high court officials are also named amongst the burgundies. I do not think, however, that this table of precedence would be accepted at Bordeaux or at Rheims—or, for that matter, at Coblenz.

The Dijon Railway Buffet.

As so often happens when there is an exceptionally fine cellar of wines or a famous place of good feeding in a town, the other cellars and dining-places of that town are of a high quality. And so it is at Dijon, where the Restaurant Marais in the town and the buffet at the station are both places of good feeding and good wines. Indeed, the fame of the list of burgundies at the station buffet is known all France over, and as most of the express trains passing through to Paris from the South of France and from Switzerland wait twenty minutes at Dijon, many men who know of the good burgundy in the buffet cellars find the time sufficiently long to drink their share of a bottle.

The Indian Summer.

Paris, where I have stayed for a week, has been enjoying the burst of autumn sunshine. The open-air *cafés-chantants* in the Champs Elysées closed, as is customary, in the middle of September; but the open-air restaurants—Ledoyen's and Laurent's and Langer's (the Austrian restaurant which is lodged in the *bon-bonnière* that was originally Paillard's, in the Champs Elysées)—have been doing tremendous business, and their lights sparkle at night amidst the chestnut-trees, the leaves from which are already falling. On Sundays the Bois has been full of the families of the poorest Parisians, who tramp out there in the morning, picnic the day through, and tramp back into Paris in the cool of the evening; and on week-days that broad space of pavement which lies before the Gymnase has been used as though it were a park, old women sitting and knitting, and little groups of people chatting on the chairs which, I fancy, Marguery, the great *restaurateur*, put there for the use



WHERE GREAT DANCERS OF THE FUTURE SLEEP: A DORMITORY IN
MME. ISADORA DUNCAN'S SCHOOL AT DARMSTADT.

After the tragic death of her two children in a motor-car accident, it was reported that Mme. Isadora Duncan, the famous classical dancer and teacher of classical dancing, was going to nurse the sick at the Front and elsewhere. For all that, she is running a deservedly successful school of dancing, at Darmstadt.

of the public. In these matters Paris affords a contrast to London, whose crowded and narrow pavements do not lend themselves to the out-door life.

"THE EIGHT PRETTIEST GIRLS IN



1. MISS DESIRÉE HESSE AS BLANCHE.

5. MISS EDIE GRAHAM AS LUCILE BONNIPARD.

2. MISS PEGGY DOYLE AS JULIE.

6. MISS MAUD CRESSALL AS ANNETTE FARIBOL.

The advertisements of "This Way, Madam" urge persistently that there are in the cast at the Queen's Theatre

Photographs specially taken for

ENGLAND. ONLY TWO MARRIED—WHICH ? ”



3. MISS VIOLET ASHTON AS SUZANNE.

7. MISS DORIS HURLEY AS FINETTE.

4. MISS GRETA LEWIS AS JEANNETTE.

8. MISS MOLLIE SEYMOUR AS ESTELLE.

“The Eight Prettiest Girls in England. Only Two Married—Which ? ” Here are portraits of the ladies in question.

“The Sketch” by Wrather and Buys.



THE "MONTH-TO-LIVE" MARRIAGE: HAWTREY AT THE TOP OF HIS FORM.

The Doctors Don't Differ.

The moral of "Never Say Die" appears to be this: put not your faith in doctors, or you may find yourself married for a long life, instead of merely during the month which the doctors allege will be the remaining term of your career. And yet that cannot be the moral, for who would not put his faith in the whole of the Royal College of Physicians if the result were to be the legal ownership of Miss Doris Lytton as wife and Miss Winifred Emery as mother-in-law? So, after all, the play has no moral, which is just what one would expect of a piece produced by Mr. Charles Hawtreys; but I hasten to add that "Never Say Die" is not in the least degree immoral. Certainly the "vets" do sometimes make mistakes in their prophecies. There was an old schoolfellow of mine, doomed by his physician to die within the year, who threw up his post in the Civil Service and spent all his capital in having a good time; when

last I heard of him, ten years after his doom, he was waiter at a restaurant, and had done seven years for shooting inaccurately at the physician who had condemned him. Of course, we all knew that Dionysius Woodbury, otherwise Mr. Charles Hawtreys, would not die within the month of his platonic marriage to the pretty Miss Stevenson, whom he promised to render a wealthy widow ere two new moons were seen, for that would be too doleful an ending of the merry play. Really, the idea of such a marriage might very well form the basis for a genuine comedy, but the audience at the Apollo was quite delighted by its treatment as farce, rollicking farce too—of American origin, I fancy. Mr. Hawtreys himself represents an American, though he is very gentle with the accent; and there is a little Yankee boy who has it strong—such a jolly little boy, as sturdy as can be, and full of quaint phrases. Everybody was charmed by Master "Buster," as represented by Master Reginald Sheffield. I do not know what was the malady from which Dionysius

cook or parlour-maid. By-the-bye, if anyone happens to know of a cook—but I fancy that this is the wrong column for advertisements of this class, so I say no more. Dionysius did not know much about getting divorces, perhaps because he came from "God's own country," in some of the States of which you buy them at the post-office, so I am told. He and his two doctor-friends made a sad mess of the affair, thereby leading up to a capital situation at the end of the second act, where the unhappy Dionysius found himself with three "lady interveners" on his hands instead of one; and she would have been too many, for the wife happened to be present, and naturally (since she was in ignorance of the facts) fancied that Dion was not behaving like a model husband. Perhaps I ought to have mentioned—I say it without disparagement of Miss Doris Lytton—that absence had made him very fond of her, and he had even conceived the idea that he might woo her after he had given her freedom to her. Moreover, she had grown fond of him. So, of course, we found Mr. W. H. Post, the author, at the dramatist's old game of putting obstacles in the course of true love; but in "Never Say Die," the fun does not depend largely upon the actual intrigue after the first act, but rather upon quaint pieces of business, droll incidents, and "funniments."

The Players.

Mr. Hawtreys is inexhaustible in his "funniments," and keeps the house laughing all the time. It is a long while since he has had a part suiting him so well, and to say this is to guarantee abundance of merriment. He amuses the audience with queer little devices in the first act, as Dionysius the doomed, and, later on, as the healthy married man. However, it is not a case of a one-part piece, for we had Miss Winifred Emery as a charming widow—not the stage widow on the man-hunt, but an amiable motherly creature, rendered perfectly by her. And there is Miss Doris, irresistible as the pretty wife, and the vivacious Miss Marie George. Moreover, Mr. Holman Clark and Mr. Vane-Tempest rendered very valuable service.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

ARRANGING FOR A LITTLE COMPROMISING WHICH SHALL LEAD TO DIVORCE: MR. E. W. TARVER AS MR. GIBBS AND MR. CHARLES HAWTREY AS DIONYSIUS WOODBURY.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

suffered, but I gather that it had something to do with his liver, and that the cure for it consisted of cigars, club-life, and cocktails. I have something of a liver myself, but would not attempt that kind of cure upon the advice of a dramatist, or even a professional drug-administrator. Still, it worked wonders with Dionysius, who was soon one of the healthiest sick men in Europe. And yet I do not think he will last long. A man who dines on potato-soup, hot lobster, asparagus *en branches*, with hotly peppered sauce and many cocktails, is rather overdoing the homœopathic treatment of liver. However, I daresay that after the third act his wife put an end to that sort of thing: wives have a wonderful way of substituting themselves for all our other follies.

Dion's Divorce.

Having deceived his wife by not dying, Dionysius thought it the right thing to give her the materials for securing a divorce. How awkward it would be for the dramatist if the advanced Marriage Law Reformers had their way, and the sacred union could be dissolved by mere agreement, or, perhaps, by giving notice, as one does to servants—sometimes: in our days there is more receiving than giving such notices; it is easier to get a wife than a



HE WAS THE FIRST TO GIVE DIONYSIUS UP! MR. E. HOLMAN CLARK AS VIRGIL GALESBY, M.D. CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE DINNER WHICH IS DISTURBED: DIONYSIUS WITH VIOLET STEVENSON (MISS DORIS LYTTON) AND HER MOTHER (MISS WINIFRED EMERY). CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "NEVER SAY DIE."



THE GENTLEMAN AND THE GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN: MR. CHARLES HAWTREY AS DIONYSIUS WOODBURY,
AND MR. A. VANE-TEMPEST AS GRIGGS.

"Never Say Die" is running merrily at the Apollo, and exploits Mr. Charles Hawtreys at his fascinating very-best.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



IN THE GREAT WORLD

PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT.

FEW figures in the wedding crowd of Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses—and it is nothing less than a crowd!—will be more remarked than the bridegroom's younger sister. Princess Patricia, in brief, is well known. She is better known, by sight, than the bridegroom, better known than the bride; as well known as her father the Duke of Connaught or her mother the Duchess. To say that she is well known merely is no compliment, for the phrase, standing alone, may be construed into a hundred meanings. In Princess Patricia's case it carries with it a very pretty construction. She is well known, in the first place, because she is very pretty.

A Portrait—Whose?

Eight or nine years ago, Mr. Shannon's portrait of Princess Patricia filled the first room of the Academy with visitors as no other portrait of his ever succeeded in filling it. "Shannon's portrait," it was called, as if the success were wholly his. "Have you seen Shannon's portrait?" was the Academy query of the year. But if it got into small-talk as "Shannon's portrait," it got into our affections as Princess Patricia's. While we discussed the painter, we were thinking about the sitter. And Mr. Shannon himself seems to have held her in mind. For several years his portraits of people in general, of all manner of people with all manner of faces, bore some mysterious hint of the famous Patrician expression.

Princess "Pat" of Ireland.

In Princess Patricia's case, to be well known by sight has meant being popular by sight; her expression has been the key to a sort of public intimacy. That it is a sad expression—sad, it might be thought, with all the distresses of the distressful country she once lived in—has accentuated that sense of intimacy. But while Princess Patricia got her name from Ireland, her expression does not belong to Erin. The Irish look in her eyes is purely accidental—nevertheless, it is there. Canada's desire to see in her a type of Canadian girlhood cannot prosper in the face of so notable a resemblance to a traditional conception of other national characteristics. Princess Patricia's name, by the way, provides an illustration of her popularity—she, almost alone among the royalties of her own generation, has a nickname. She is Princess "Pat," in and out of Dublin.

An Expression, and Its Meaning.

That her looks do to some extent provide a key to her character and mood is not denied by those who know her best. She is not sad, she is not lonely; but there is in her the capability of being both these things to the full. The constant companion of her parents, and famous for friendships among girls of her own age, she does, nevertheless, stand alone. Her friendships have been stretched almost out of recognition by long periods of separation from England.

Prince Arthur, the brother with whom she used to share a hundred pleasures, from nursery tea-parties and hide-and-seek to cricket and snowballing, has been of late much in garrison or clubland, and is now still further removed. Nor has a succession of official residences given Princess Patricia the secure feeling of "home" which has been her inevitable desire.

The Connaught Out-of-Rangers.

An admired brother's example may bring her to think more kindly of home-making on her own account, or on a husband's. It is not necessary to repeat here the rumours that speak of a spoiled romance—spoiled because of the bars that keep a courtier from the courting nearest his heart. Peer or Prince, what matter!—that is

the only properly romantic comment. But if in one case the sentimentalist may deplore the workings of convention, in a hundred others they have followed the only natural and proper course. Princess Patricia's admirers have been many—a whole regiment! "The Connaught Rangers, we are called, and I the Colonel," said one young officer who took his hopeless passion proudly and even gaily. Had he said: "the Connaught Out-of-Rangers," he would have been nearer the mark, for the gentlemen who make up their forces have never faced the fire of a direct yea or nay from their lady.

The Finger-Bowls.

In Canada, or wherever she has been called upon to play the daughter's part in the household of a busy Colonial Governor, Princess Patricia has done her business nobly. And the business has not always been very easy. To keep up a sufficiency of royal state gives the rougher type of colonial an opening for saying "Snobs!"—to neglect to keep up such state affords instant surprise and disappointment in the somewhat provincial atmosphere of Colonial headquarters. At the end of a dinner given in Canada by the Governor-General, one of the Duke's guests turned to ask the butler for a finger-bowl. In a very gentle whisper he was denied it, because in Eng-

land it is not the custom for any ablutions to be performed in the presence of royalty. You mustn't, to put it crudely, wash in the same room as your king. To the guest in Canada the thing seemed absurd; perhaps it was absurd. But the difficulty is to know in the Colonies where to keep and where to drop the formalities that are observed with perfect naturalness in this country. But Princess Patricia is popular in Canada, finger-bowls or no finger-bowls. A whole tract of land bears her name. The snow she sports with is, so to speak, her own; and when, in summer, she gets out her paint-box and makes her lovely water-colours, they show that she has more than a sports-woman's affection for the Dominion. The skies she paints are tender as her own expression.



PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT.

Princess Victoria Patricia Helena Elizabeth of Connaught was born on March 17, 1886, younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. She is a Lady of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, and a Lady of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

"PEACE, HO! CÆSAR SPEAKS"—JAPANESE: SHAKESPEARE IN TOKIO.



1. "JULIUS CAESAR" AS PRESENTED AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE, TOKIO—IN BRUTUS' ORCHARD: MR. DOI AS BRUTUS; MISS CHIYO AKIMOTO AS PORTIA.

3. THE FORUM: MARK ANTONY (MR. SUEJI TOGI) GIVING HIS ORATION OVER CAESAR'S BODY.

4. A ROOM IN CAESAR'S PALACE: MR. SEIICHI KATO AS CAESAR: MISS M. OURA AS CALPHURNIA.

2. A STREET NEAR THE CAPITOL: CHARACTERS IN THE JAPANESE PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "JULIUS CAESAR."

5. BEFORE BRUTUS'S TENT IN THE CAMP NEAR SARDIS: BRUTUS, CASSIUS, AND LUCIUS.

From time to time we have illustrated in "The Sketch" Japanese productions of European plays, by Shakespeare and Ibsen, especially. Here we have illustrations of the recent production of "Julius Caesar," at the Imperial Theatre, Tokio. Mr. Doi

first earned repute as a Shakespearean actor by very successful performances of Hamlet some years ago. Mr. Sueji Togi played Antony, according to a Japanese critic, "with his usual mannerisms; and his art is said to be a little over-exaggerated."



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



MISS RUTH PARTRIDGE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. JOSEPH MAUDSLAY WAS FIXED TO TAKE PLACE YESTERDAY, OCTOBER 7.

Miss Partridge is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Partridge, of 38, First Avenue, Hove. Mr. Maudslay, of the Egyptian State Railway, is the son of Mr. H. C. Maudslay, of Sea View, Isle of Wight.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



MISS PETRONEL LAYLAND-BARRATT, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LIEUTENANT GEORGE CUMMING, R.N., WAS FIXED FOR OCTOBER 4.

Miss Layland-Barratt is a daughter of Sir Francis Layland-Barratt, Bt. Lieutenant Cumming is the son of Dr. Hamilton Cumming, of Torquay.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN DAVID LYNCH ON OCTOBER 11: MISS DORIS ALBERTA SAVORY.

Miss Savory is the only daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Savory. Her father is Director of Transports at the Admiralty. Captain Lynch was formerly in the Royal Fusiliers.

Photograph by Sarony.

THE habit of giving nicknames to members of the Royal Family is not strong with us. In the days of "Farmer George" it was different, but at the present moment very few of the King's relatives are called "out of their names." Princess "Pat" is an exception, of a mild sort; and now Eton has to decide on some tolerably brief title for Prince Henry. His surname is the last thing that the young scholars who are his companions would call him—even if they were sure of it. Prince Albert, when he was a Naval cadet at Osborne, was known as "the Lobster"; but it does not follow that a smaller Eton brother should be called "the Shrimp." It is not unlikely that it will be left at "the Prince," but such questions baffle the prophets.

The Letting of Knebworth.

Lord and Lady Lytton have come to town for the winter, and Knebworth is left in possession of the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch. The house has known very few tenants, and is essentially a Lyttonesque establishment. The Victorian taste, touched with a certain "romantic" extravagance of earlier bearers of the title, still rules the interior. The mark it leaves is a "fixture" difficult to move, even when attacked by the powerful disapproval of a younger generation. Outside, Lord Lytton's model farms, spick and span and beautiful (for Mr. Lutyens has helped in the designing), will provide the Grand Duke with his morning egg, and delight him not only with the most effective sort of contrast to the Russian scene, but with surroundings unlike those found near any other English home.

A Problematic Honeymoon.

The Press's inclination to make plans for other people long before they can be really settled has been given almost too free a scope in the case of Prince Arthur. It is now stated, for instance, "on the very highest authority," that he will ultimately succeed his father as Governor-General of Canada. "Indeed," continues one writer, "this appointment is the reason why his marriage is being hurried forward, since a wife was made one of the necessary qualifications for the post." The wedding, needless to say, has not been hurried forward. Even if Prince Arthur is asked to go to Canada, which at present is no more than a possibility, he would not take up his post there until a full year has passed, so that the "hurrying forward"

notion is nonsense. Plans, as a matter of fact, do not fall into exact shape so long before the event. For an example: till within ten days of their wedding, Prince Arthur and the Duchess of Fife had left half the programme for the wedding-journey still undecided!

The Taste for Cures.

The Duchess of Newcastle, finding her "cure" make her feel rather less gloriously fit than usual, drank off a very modified dose of the prescribed waters, and was at Newmarket in time for the October Handicap. The Duke, a less impatient patient, is doing his duty at Harrogate. Lady Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Friedheim, Lady Ernestine Hunt are also among the latest arrivals at the headquarters of recuperation, which is pleasant enough in all respects—save one. Frankly, the waters are very nasty.

A Camera and Lady Mystery.

When Lord Ipswich and Lady Mystery. Ipswich, with some natural misgivings, scanned the morning papers the day after the wedding they duly discovered a photograph described as "Lord Ipswich and his Bride." For a moment they looked curiously at the couple, marvelling what strange pranks an ill-focussed camera will play. The young man's shoulders were amply strewn with confetti, though none had been thrown by Lord Ipswich's friends; and the bride's admired veil had taken the shape of a hat of considerable proportions. "Moreover," declared Lord Ipswich, "my tie was *not* white!"

The Forbidden Bann.

The explanation of that bewildering picture was discovered on the next page, where Lord Ipswich saw himself and his bride, in another picture, described as "J. W. Hearne, the famous cricketer, and Miss Violet Bann, married yesterday at Harlington." The labels had been misplaced, and nothing more. The Hearnese are men cast in a classic mould. It was Lord Ribblesdale, or another equally competent judge, who described the action of "J. T. H." at the bowling-crease as a liberal education in symmetry and rhythm. And even in the frock-coat and collar that are so much less becoming than a cricketing-shirt, J. W. Hearne cut a figure of which no groom need have been ashamed.



MARRIED TO CAPTAIN T. E. BARING ON OCT. 2: MRS. T. E. BARING (FORMERLY MISS DEIRDRE M. HUGHES MARTIN).

Mrs. T. E. Baring is the elder daughter of Mr. Hughes Martin, of Tullaghreine, Carrigtwohill, County Cork. Captain Baring, of the Rifle Brigade, is the eldest son of Mr. Francis C. Baring, of Timsbury Manor, Romsey, Hants.

Photograph by Elnain.



ENGAGED TO MR. PATRICK STIRLING: MISS DOROTHY CHAMBERS.

Miss Chambers is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, of Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh. Mr. Stirling is the second son of the late Colonel and Mrs. Stirling, of Kippindavie.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



MISS VERA GERALDINE WILLIAMS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. DAVID EUSTACE LAUDALE WAS FIXED FOR OCTOBER 6.

Miss Williams is the only daughter of Mr. Hubert Williams, of South Godstone. Mr. Laudale is a son of Mr. D. G. Laudale, of Limpsfield.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



OF AGE ON OCTOBER 10: THE HON. W. J. M. WATSON-ARMSTRONG.

The Hon. William John Montagu Watson-Armstrong is the only son and heir of Lord Armstrong, formerly a director of the famous Elswick Works. Mr. William Watson-Armstrong was born on October 10, 1892, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Photograph by Lafayette.

TAR-TAR TROUSERS FOR A HORSE; AND BACK TO THE LAND!



GETTING READY FOR THE SEASON! A TROUSERED HORSE ENGAGED IN THE TARRING OF NICE STREETS.

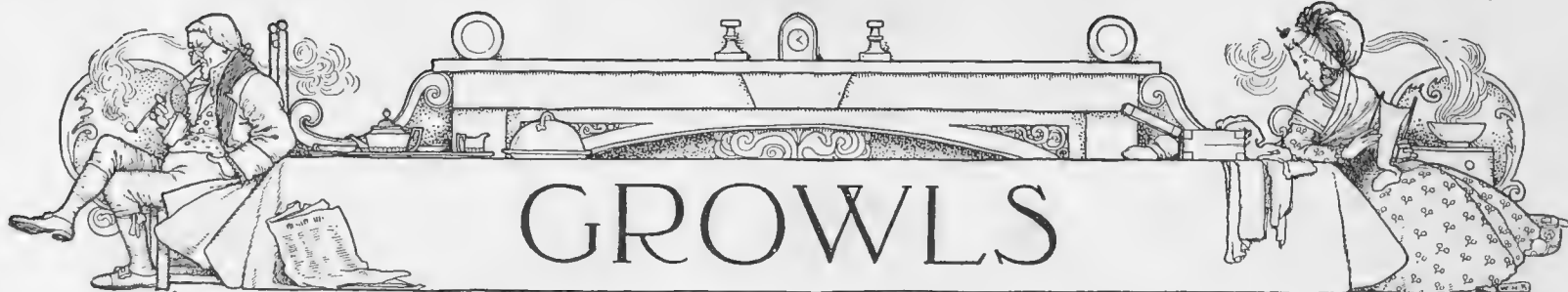
We can think of no reason for the trousering of the horse save to prevent the spotting of his whiteness during the tarring operations: our correspondent does not enlighten us.

Photograph by W. Caudery.



BACK TO THE LAND — THANKS TO HIGH FLYING! A VERY PROPER ATTITUDE FOR THOSE WATCHING AIRMEN IN THE HEAVENS.

This particular photograph was taken while Pégoud was flying upside-down at Brooklands; but it is typical of various other occasions when the public are exceedingly anxious to get the best possible view of the best possible flying.—[*Photograph by L.N.A.*]



THE HORRORS OF WAR: THE IMPOTENCE OF THE POWERS.

EVENTS have a habit of happening in rapid succession which give one furiously, even ferociously, to think. At the present time we are gradually growing accustomed to the recurrence of wars in a quarter of the globe popularly known, for want of a better name, as the Balkans. It is a matter in which, so far as I can gather, very few people in this country have until now taken any consuming interest. In the first place, few of us possess an agility of mind equal to following the chopping and changing politics of those rocky regions, and it is only one in a thousand who can confidently tell you off-hand which of the nationalities of the Near East are on friendly terms at any given moment, and which are flying at each other's throats. This disconcerting uncertainty tends to make us shrug our shoulders and rest content that they should settle their differences after their own particular fashions, while the bare fact that the hostilities take place a long way off conduces to the callous indifference which we betray. Distance is an important factor in such matters. A railway accident in America involving the loss of many lives will never succeed in affecting us half so acutely as the death from senile decay of one passenger on one of our southern English lines. Hence it comes about that we read but languidly of carnage on battle-fields and atrocities on mountain-tops, and pass on to topics which possess a greater power of appealing to our intellects and gripping our imaginations. But suddenly arrives the day when it is borne in upon us that, however far the Balkans may be from Balham, and however remote may seem our connection with these cantankerous populations, there cannot be great international happenings without our being affected by them in the long run, and an official announcement has just been made which brings clearly home to our minds that our interests are implicated in the present turmoil to a far greater degree than we have hitherto supposed.

A Bolt from the Blue. While we have been regarding the situation with insular listlessness events have been marching at a rate which has escaped our notice, but now the blow has fallen: our eyes are at last opened and we are made painfully conscious that the horrors of war are not confined to the countries conducting the campaign, but extend themselves to even distant communities; and when we learn upon indisputable authority that, owing to this regrettable conflagration in the Balkans, the retailers of Turkish cigarettes in London have put up the price of their wares, the truth dawns upon us that we are not exempt from the result of evil tempers even on the part of those who are far away. The news will doubtless come like a thunder-clap to thousands who, not unnaturally, pride themselves on having done nothing to bring

about these deplorable hostilities, and they will feel disposed to rebel against the injustice which calls upon them to pay for the misdeeds of others. To the average cigarette-smoker in these islands it will appear unpardonable that, just because a few peevish potentates have chosen to fall out amongst themselves,

his daily expenses shall be increased to an appreciable extent, and he will experience an inclination to rail against the way in which the Universe is regulated. He will in all probability apply harsh terms to Fate and say bitter things about Balkans, and in doing so he will, as is his wont, make himself unnecessarily hot and uncomfortable, and will at the same time be hopelessly wide of the mark and will totally miss the point. No one will dare to deny that the grievance he harbours is a perfectly legitimate one, but even a person with a grievance should take pains to see that he locates the responsibility aright and hurls his fulminations in the proper direction.

The Scandal of the Powers.

When he comes to consider the question with such calmness and dispassionateness as are at his command he will see that neither Fate nor any one of the belligerents deserves to bear the brunt of his righteous indignation. He is entirely and exclusively the victim of the *soi-disants* Powers of Europe, and the resentment he is justified in feeling should be levelled against that preposterous agglomeration of nebulous busybodies. The governance of the world has not been noted in the past for method or common-sense, but never in all its erratic history has evidence been given of such crass and impotent imbecility as has recently been furnished by these

self-constituted regulators of the world's affairs. They form themselves into imposing conferences; they formulate majestic policies and they promulgate thunderous decrees; they flaunt their amalgamated wisdom in the face of mankind; they wrap themselves in the robes of righteousness and vaingloriously allude to the potentialities of their giant panoplies; and the net result of it all is that there is an increase of at least a penny a pound in the price of Turkish tobacco! The business of the Earth can no longer be permitted to be conducted on these ludicrous lines. I know nothing of the internal economy of other planets, but it is safe to assume that not one of them would submit for a moment to such a contemptible blend of arrogance and incompetence. If they cannot nerve themselves to some such reasonable and concentrated

action as will preclude the possibility of a repetition of such tragedies, let them at once abdicate and hand over their jurisdiction to some body capable of enforcing its own rules and regulations—say, the M.C.C. or the Billiards Control Association.—MOSTYN T. FIGOTT.



STANDING ABOVE THE MOTTO "ONE GOD, ONE KING"! "ULSTERETTES," OF SIR EDWARD CARSON'S FORCE, GIVING A DEMONSTRATION OF SIGNALLING FROM CASTLE IRVINE, CO. FERMANAGH.

Mrs. D'Arcy-Irvine, wife of Major D'Arcy-Irvine, of Castle Irvine, is most actively interested in the Ulster Volunteer Force, and, being well skilled in "flag-wagging" and signalling by lamp, she has been assisting her husband to give instruction in signalling to members of the force, several of them women. She is seen on the right-hand side of our photograph.

Photograph by L.N.A.



A HUGE MODERN TOMB FOR SALE—AND TO BE USED FOR WHAT PURPOSE? A MAUSOLEUM, AT POSILIPO, WHICH ITS OWNER HAS BEEN FORBIDDEN TO USE AS A BURIAL-PLACE.

A correspondent informs us that this huge and remarkable tomb, set up by a wealthy gentleman on the hill of Posilipo, is now for sale; as, indeed, the notice upon it shows. The Municipality forbade its use as a burial-place. The questions now are: who will buy it and to what use will it be put?—[Photograph by Ch. Abentacor.]

STYMIED !



THE CADDIE: Would you mind speakin' up, Sir; me 'earin'g's a bit 'ard.

THE GOLFER: Did you watch that ball?

THE CADDIE: No, Sir; I'm a bit short in the eyesight.

THE GOLFER: Deaf! Blind! What the deuce do you carry clubs for?

THE CADDIE: Weak lungs, Sir.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



A PERFECT IDYLL: THE YOUNG MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

YOU and I, amiable readers, have often discussed books together, and some of you, especially the far-away friends, have more than once asked me what books to order from England.

Can you always tell absolute simplicity from great art? If so, perhaps you can tell me whether Antonin Dussere, the Auvergne peasant who wrote "Jean and Louise," is a great artist or a simple and tender soul who feels, and tells what he feels in perfectly just words that are infallibly just because they are true.

As for me, I do not know. All I know is that I took up "Jean and Louise" without much enthusiasm. It was written by a peasant, and I do not love peasants, because peasants do not love Nature, as I do not love children who do not love their mother. But Antonin Dussere is a peasant with a soul and a heart, and his heart has long, strong roots deep-planted in the good, blessed earth. I started reading "Jean and Louise" at three o'clock to-day. It was a sunny day, almost a summer day. I sat on the wooden step by the riverside, intending to rest there for a few moments and read lazily a chapter or two, and glance between two paragraphs at the good-looking young people in punts, skiffs, and canoes. I came to the last words, "The End," with a start. Gone were the sunny day and the gay river folks, I was cold and stiff, and I could hardly see the black letters on the white page. I had sat on the hard steps reading for four hours, while the mosquitoes were feasting on my legs and arms, and I had been unconscious of anything and anybody except Jean and Louise. Have you read "Marie-Claire"? Then you loved it. You will feel the same sort of tender interest in "Jean and Louise." It is limpid and pure and refreshing as a mountain source. The joy in it has nothing fierce, rather has it the cool softness and vague hope of early morning; while the sadness in it is silent and without tears—the acceptance of darkness after sunlight. There is sorrow long and deep throughout the book, but not anguish. Antonin Dussere's attitude towards life seems to be this—The mountain is hard and tall and bleak, but wild flowers grow in its crannies, and gentle rain bathes its flanks.

There is nothing more difficult, more rare, and delicate to tell than an idyll. To tell it well, one must remember one's early youth, its dewy reticence, its misty fears, and the wonderful value it lends to the littlest object and happening. An idyll—it is passion walking on tip-toe. Antonin Dussere writes as if, after the first love-thrill, he had gone away to the mountain-top, taking remembrance with him, and had embalmed it piously with the sweet herbs that surge between the rocks; and then, the task over, had ceased to weep and ceased to live.

One feels that the book is largely autobiographical, but how came a man to discover a girl's nature so perfectly?

Jean is the twenty-year-old son of a rich farmer; Louise is a foundling of fifteen who minded the sheep of a neighbour on the same slope of the mountain where the one-armed Jean minded his father's cows—

Sometimes their conversation touched on more personal matters, and then there would be long silences, during which the girl, bent over her work, would feel the man's gaze resting on her. His eyes would turn away when she raised her head. Now and again a curious uneasiness possessed them both which became intolerable at times. The simplest word would make them blush. Though they were all alone on the hillside, their voices would drop; their words would be spoken low, as though they were afraid of listening ears; and when one of those silences grew too prolonged they would feel such awkwardness that they would find any pretext to get up and part. . . .

The little shepherdess twists her ankle—this is the first day of her return to the hill and to her lover—

She drove her sheep up towards the Planoutelle. The sheep spread out over the meadow, marching slowly forward to the crunching accompaniment of their teeth nibbling the coarse grass of the plain.

The shepherdess followed them, laughing with pleasure as she walked.

But when she reached the hillock from the top of which she knew that she would see the Paulhacs' pasture-land, emotion took hold of her. The thought that twenty paces further on she would see the man who held her dearest hope in the hollow of his hand made her legs tremble under her.

She could not climb on, and sat down for a minute—she felt her heart beat, and her breathing was difficult.

The sheep had gone forward and climbed the hillock—those in front were quite close to Paulhac's wire fence.

As she looked at the white and reddish-brown backs of those behind, she saw them

disappear, one by one, and said aloud, "I must not stop behind," but she did not move.

She sprang to her feet suddenly as a voice she knew thrilled out, "Louise, where are you? Come along, Louise!"

Jean, on the top of the hillock, stood waiting for her. She tried to climb it, but her breath failed her half-way. He ran down to her, and saw her trembling. Her face and neck were rosy with the feeling which prevented her from speaking. She could not raise her eyes, and turned her face away to hide her flaming cheeks.

The young man remained silent too. The same emotion had him in its grip. . . .

The poor young dears! To think we were all like this once, and would be like this again if only one simple little miracle were to happen—if we were to be in love!

The book is admirably translated by Mr. John N. Raphael.



A GERMAN ROYALTY AS A QUEEN OF FRANCE: THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCESS AS MARIE ANTOINETTE AT A FANCY-DRESS BALL.

Photograph by Bieber.

The Perfectly Popular Pianist: Studies of Types.



I.—THE IMPRESSIVE: RACHMANINOFF'S "PRELUDE."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



W. T. STEAD AND THE BORDERLAND: JULIA'S BUREAU.*

The Borderland. For the purposes of this article, let us pass by many phases of the life of W. T. Stead and deal, briefly and only, with that which was important above all to himself—his journeyings by the Borderland. Let us leave his daughter's notes of him as child and youth, as office-boy in a merchant's counting-house, as dabbler in writing, as editor of the *Northern Echo*, as assistant-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as controller of the editorial policy of the same paper, her details of his schemes for the organisation of charity, his sympathy with the Salvation Army, the affair of "The Maiden Tribute," and the starting of the *Review of Reviews*, and let us come to that occultism which was to lead to the establishment of Julia's Bureau and to much misunderstanding of the famous publicist and his belief in communication with those who have passed on.

The Coming of Julia A. Ames and Automatic Writing.

He had his first clairvoyant experience in the ruins of Hermitage Castle, in which, as a boy, he fell asleep, to hear unearthly noises and feel an eerie terror. Later, he had premonitions: that he would leave the *Northern Echo* and go to London; and, afterwards, that he would have control of the *Pall Mall*. The year 1881 found him at his first séance, at the end of which the medium, Mr. Burns, said to him, "Young man, you are going to be the St. Paul of Spiritualism." It was at this meeting that it was claimed for the Oracle that he was possessed by Mother Shipton. Nine years later, Julia A. Ames, an American journalist, visited Europe and Mr. Stead. Now "Miss Ames was not a Spiritualist—she was a highly religious woman and a Methodist, very level-headed, and possessing a great amount of common-sense. . . . She was about thirty years of age. . . . Shortly after her return to America, Miss Ames was taken ill with pneumonia and died at Boston." Again a little while, and Mr. Stead became conscious of the capacity to "write automatically." "I tried," he recorded later. "Before I had sat three minutes my hand began to move, very tremulously at first, and making marks that were at first almost unintelligible. . . . At last . . . a message was written out." The next step came when Mr. Stead, at the request of Miss E., sought to get into communication with Julia Ames, who had died in the previous year: this by means of automatic writing. Of this event of 1892 he noted: "I sat before the window, with the pencil in my hand, and said, 'Now, Miss Ames, if you are about and care to use my hand, it is at your disposal if you have anything to say to Miss E.' Almost immediately my hand began to write, not in my accustomed handwriting. . . ." The messages were, of course, from Julia.

The Starting of Julia's Bureau. So began a long series of communications from the dead lady journalist on the Other Side—of the grave. Then came a day in 1894 on which Julia wrote: "I have long wanted to establish a place

where those who have passed over could communicate with the loved ones left behind. At present the world is full of spirits longing to speak to those from whom they have been parted . . . but without finding a hand to enable them to write. It is a strange spectacle. On your side, souls full of anguish for bereavement; on this side, souls full of sadness because they cannot communicate with those whom they love. . . . What is wanted is a bureau of communication between the two sides. Could you not establish some such sort of office with one or more trustworthy mediums?" And so on. Fifteen years later Julia's Bureau took form in London.

Julia, says Miss Estelle Stead, wrote to her father telling him that the time had come and that the necessary money was coming. A couple of months later Mr. Stead became Special Correspondent of the *New York American* at £1000 a year. Thus the funds arrived. The Bureau was formally opened on April 24, 1909, with Mowbray House as its London office, and Cambridge House, Wimbledon, as its "Inner Sanctuary." The first séance was at Wimbledon, and messages were read from Julia and others, "including one from a 'High Spirit.'" Those who consulted the Bureau had to conform to numerous rules and, "to minimise the risks and diminish the dangers attaching to this attempt to bridge the grave, Julia undertook the personal direction of the Bureau. By no means every client was accepted. In the first four months there were 150 cases undertaken by the Bureau, and there was only one single case in which Julia's decisions, taken automatically, were not in entire

accord. . . . In all, over 600 persons received help and consolation during the three years of the Bureau's activity, and were confident that they had been brought into communication with their loved ones who had passed on before." "The cost of maintaining the Bureau," writes Miss Stead, "fell entirely upon my father, and although he dedicated the £1000 earned by his 'Special Correspondence' to the work, the cost was considerably over £1000 for the first year. As every case entailed an out-of-pocket expenditure of £2 2s. over and above the outlay on offices, it was nearer £2000. The subscriptions to the Borderland Library, which

some appear to have confused with payment for the use of the Bureau, were more than absorbed by rent of room, payment of attendant, and purchase of books, periodicals, and stationery."—These extracts from a book which is quite fascinating and ends with Miss Stead's statement that she has seen her father since he went to his death with the *Titanic*. She writes of that: "Three weeks after his passing he came to the Upper Room in the Inner Sanctuary of Julia's Bureau. In that room . . . he—the beloved Chief—came and spoke to those who prayed and waited, knowing he would come. Clearly he showed his face that all might see, and as it faded into darkness—his voice rang through the room and he spake saying: 'All I told you is true.' . . ."



THE AUTHOR OF THE GREY-LISTED "SINISTER STREET" OUTSIDE HIS ITALIAN VILLA: MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE IN CAPRI.



WHERE HE WILL FINISH THE SECOND VOLUME OF "SINISTER STREET," FOR PUBLICATION NEXT YEAR: MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE, WITH MRS. COMPTON MACKENZIE, AT HIS CAPRI VILLA.

* "My Father." By Estelle W. Stead. (Heinemann; ros. net.)

THE PÉGOUD TOUCH.



71667 France

JIM SLOWELP: 'Ow did it 'appen, Bill?

BILL NOELP: Dunno'. 'Tryin' ter motor upside darn, I s'pose.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR GILL.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

DAGGERS OF JADE.

By MARK PERETY.

"SHIKARI Sahib, there is a treasure of gold!" Captain Bellamy ignored the whining native at his stirrup and touched his jaded hunting pony with his spurs. There was a storm coming up behind them, and it was no one's desire to be caught in a thunderstorm miles from camp on a remote pass of the Himalayas.

"Shikari Sahib, there is a treasure of gold!"

"Go away, you old fool; I'm in a hurry," said Bellamy, adding in forcible Hindustani that the old man had better make himself scarce.

The rain came on before they reached camp, and Captain Bellamy, his friends, his beaters, and his ponies arrived drenched to the skin. They retired to their tents to change, and throughout the commotion of the rain drumming on the hard earth and the clamour of a fowl being killed for supper, the young man imagined he could still hear the old man's dreary refrain: "Shikari Sahib, there is a treasure of gold!"

Most men would have announced it with eagerness, in order to transmit their own enthusiasm to their hearers, but not so this man. He had run beside the pony, reiterating his cry in the toneless voice of one who is weary of his repetition.

The rain ceased after a while, and the three men sat out under a gorgeous full moon to make their supper off the camp fowl, that was now decently disguised as curry. They had expected to bring back a supply of mutton from that day's expedition, which should have fallen into their hands together with several fine specimens of the horned heads of *Ovis Ammon* (or Himalayan sheep), which would finally have graced their mess; but luck had been against them, necessitating the slaughter of one of the camp fowls, kept in case of accidents.

Supper was scarcely over before there were sounds of confusion in the servants' quarters, and, upon inquiry, Captain Bellamy's bearer told him that an old man had forced his way into camp with the excuse that he had news for the Shikari Sahib.

"That's the old chap who stopped you this evening, Bellamy," said Winslow, a young subaltern who made one of the party. "I wonder he came along after hearing your language."

Bellamy took the cigar from between his lips. "What shall we do, Hutton?" he said lazily, addressing the third friend. "Shall we fetch him along and see what he's got to say? Some old god of brass that he wants to sell, I'll bet a quid."

The man was brought, and he salaamed low. "Shikari Sahib," he repeated in his monotonous undertone, "there is a treasure of gold."

Winslow turned impatiently in his chair and threw the end of his cigarette sheer over the edge of a precipice a few yards to his right.

"Many hundred years ago, a great chief in far-off China usurped his brother's kingdom. That brother had to fly, but before so doing he gathered together all his jewels of gold and silver and jade to take with him to found another kingdom."

The three men were listening now—the tale promised interest. The old man sank down on his heels, and continued—

"He fled this way, and the warriors sent to stop and slay him pressed hard behind. He came to this gorge, across which then hung a slight bridge of ropes. Never could he and his burden get across. Already the cries of his pursuers sounded fatally in his ears. His treasures of silver and gold and sacred green jade were dear to him, but his life was still dearer. With sighs of regret, he cast down his bundle of gems into the ravine below, where then a torrent roared, and sped across the bridge. His enemies pressed after him, but he reached the other side before them, cut the rope, and caused his foes to perish miserably on the rocks below."

The old man paused, and Bellamy uncrossed his legs. "What then?" he asked, honouring the narrator with his whole attention.

"It is there still, Sahib."

"Where?"

The native pointed down the ravine, where, some hundreds of feet below, could be heard the faint tinkle of a waterfall.

"There's no roaring torrent there now," returned Hutton, who until then had not spoken.

"No, Sahib; at this time of year the river runs underground, but sometimes, when the sun shines, one may see the glitter of gold and precious stones among the rocks."

The men looked at one another.

"Do you mean it could be had for the fetching?" asked Bellamy.

The old man nodded. "I can take you there."

"Withdraw, and we will talk of this," commanded the Captain in the voice he kept for native servants.

The old man salaamed himself away into the dusk of the beaters' quarters, of whose race he was.

"Well, what do you think of this?" said Bellamy, when they were alone. "Is it worth trying—what do you think?"

"You don't know what the old chap's terms are yet," said Winslow. "He may merely want us to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for him, and then carry them off while we look on. We should have to make it pretty clear how we shared before we started."

"It would be more amusing than stalking the inaccessible *Ovis Ammon*," interpolated Hutton, between puffs at an immense black Indian cheroot.

"Shall we have him back and question him?" queried Bellamy, who from his tone was evidently in favour of the expedition.

"By all means," replied the others.

The old man was fetched, and, in reply to their questions, said he was a poor man, as were his fathers before him, and should the Sahibs give him but a twentieth part of the spoils he would be content.

They agreed, and immediately began to discuss plans for the descent. It could not be done from that side, the old man said; the crags were far too steep; but from the opposite heights was a little track that led nearly down to the cave, although the last hundred feet or so was a sheer wall of rock, over which they would have to be lowered with ropes. The expedition was not without danger, and, having an additional zest in the hope of treasure, the three men were anxious to start without delay.

Camp was struck next day and Captain Bellamy and his companions moved off with the old man, taking two ponies to carry their baggage and a couple of beaters to look after them. No further encumbrances would their guide allow, and promised that his men should do all that was required.

It appeared that the old man was something of a petty chief in his way, and that a number of tribesmen, for the most part engaged in pastoral pursuits, owed allegiance to him. At the end of the first day's journey, several cut-throat looking villains met them, whom their guide greeted cordially, and evidently explained to them the presence of his companions in some mountain dialect, of which Bellamy and his friends were ignorant. It crossed their minds several times that day whether they had been wise to come, or if it was but a trick to get them away to some remote place to murder them and steal their belongings. If this were the intention, they were lost, for there was nothing to prevent these wild tribesmen falling upon them at any moment.

By the end of the second day, the edge of the gorge was reached, and they were told that here they would camp for the night.

There were several huts built upon the edge of the ravine, and they discovered that this was the summer home of the old man, and that for many months he lived here with his family; and it was not long before his wife and daughters appeared bearing foodstuffs for their refreshment. Captain Bellamy got into conversation with the eldest daughter, a fine, fair-complexioned girl, who seemed fully aware of their enterprise and to be much excited over it. From her he inquired how it was that Sonam Tsering and his followers had never made the descent for themselves, so that they might secure the whole of the treasure and not merely the twentieth part, as had now been stipulated. In reply the girl said that a fiery dragon mounted guard over the cave and devoured intruders who went to steal the treasure.

"The great dragon of China!" laughed Bellamy. "But he would never eat a dainty morsel like you!"

"We fear him," she said, hesitating. "But my father says, the English fear nothing: you will therefore slay the dragon and bring up the spoils."

[Continued overleaf.]

EAU DE VIE !



THE MAGISTRATE: Whatever induced you to steal fifteen bottles of whisky?

THE MALEFACTOR: I was 'ungry, yer Worship

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

Bellamy had laughed at the girl's tale, and looked upon it as a curious legend. In all probability there was nothing in the cave at all, and it was only a fragment or two of quartz projecting from the rocks that glistened in the sunshine. But if not, if tradition for once spoke true, and a king's ransom, or more, lay in a crevice of the ravine, how welcome it would be! There were creditors waiting for him in India—debts of honour—and a girl in Simla, whom he hoped some day to make his wife. The treasure would be useful, certainly, but there was no knowing its extent. One portion was already promised to Sonam Tsering; the remainder would have to be divided into three—there might not be much for him, after all. If only it had not to be divided! And he dwelt upon this point to such an extent that any mention of the treasure drove him frantic.

Day after day, Sonam Tsering delayed the descent. He arranged hunting-parties instead, taking them to secret places where the sheep lay hidden through the heat of the day. And whenever it was possible, Captain Bellamy withdrew from the others and went to talk with Burtso, the girl who had told him about the dragon. After a time, when she got to know him better, she grew confidential and told him one night under the stars that she knew of a sheep-track that led right down to the cavern. She had ventured there once, but when she was within a few yards of the cave, the dragon had roared and she had run away.

A sudden impulse seized him, and he took the girl by the hand.

"Would you like to share this treasure, Burtso?"

The girl's eyes gleamed. "With you, Sahib?"

"With me, yes! If you will show me this cave, I will load you with jewels—better ones than your mother wears."

"When shall we go, Sahib—to-morrow?"

"The next time your father hunts. I shall plead sickness and stay behind."

"And you will slay the dragon?"

"Most assuredly."

The conversation ended, and Bellamy grew moody and silent, brooding over his plan. He alone needed the treasure; the others were rich—curse them!—rich enough not to have debts and to marry the girls they loved.

It was not many days before the opportunity arrived. Sonam Tsering arranged a hunt and held out the promise of antelope as well as sheep. The others were delighted, and told their friend it was hard luck when he mentioned a touch of sunstroke, which would keep him in camp. He watched the party set off and then slunk away with the girl. The sun had not risen long, and their shadows were still oblique when they started the difficult descent.

At first there were a few patches of coarse grass and a stunted tamarisk bush or two; but as the path grew steeper, all vegetation ceased, and they were obliged to thread their way among banks of shifting detritus and over huge boulders. After an hour or so of this arduous climbing, they sat down to rest. The sun was high, and they were nearly blinded when they looked up to mark where a pair of vultures soared above them. The girl had brought a bottle of yak milk and a loaf of coarse bread, which they shared. The remainder of the way seemed less hazardous in comparison with that they had already come, for there were traces of a path.

Suddenly the girl drew back and hid her face in terror. "The dragon!" she gasped. "Hear him?"

Captain Bellamy listened. There was a noise coming from somewhere, which to the credulous might have sounded like a monster. "It's the stream forcing its way underground," he replied, anxious to reassure her.

She showed him the entrance to the cave and commended him to all the deities she knew, but would not accompany him farther; he must bring out her share of the jewels. He drew his revolver, to show her he was armed and would slay the dragon before it should come to devour her, and then advanced towards the small opening in the rocks which she had pointed out.

The entrance of the cave was small—so small that Captain Bellamy, who was a fine man, had to lie down and crawl through. Once past the entrance, however, it opened out, but it was almost dark, and the atmosphere was heavy with an abominable smell. Hurriedly he struck a match and saw before him the long-dead body of a man. His clothes had mouldered away and he was crouched over the ground, on which, between his hands, lay a leather pouch and a slender bundle wrapped in frayed silk. Bellamy's head reeled; the odour was overpowering; he felt ready to faint. Snatching at the pouch and silken roll, he crammed his handkerchief into his mouth and backed out of the cave with all speed.

Once more in the open air, he sat down to examine his treasure. First he tore away the silk, which scattered into dust at a touch, and saw that it contained a pair of jade-handled daggers of exquisite workmanship. He threw them down in disgust and untied the thong that secured the opening of the pouch. Eagerly he thrust in his hand and pulled out some of the contents. What were they, pebbles, dried peas?

"Diamonds, by Jove!" he screamed.

It was the work of a minute to refasten the pouch and hide it in the breast of his coat. Then he returned to Burtso.

"Here," he said, "this is your share, there was no gold."

"No gold—no golden jewels—no turquoise—no silver ear-rings?"

He shook his head to each of her questions and noted her disappointment. Once more he held out the daggers.

"These are for you," he repeated. "They are quite pretty, and I daresay a trader would give you many rupees for them."

"You mean it," she asked. "You give me those?"

"Yes; why not?"

"They are 'bride-daggers,' and a man only gives them to the woman he wishes to wed," she said, referring to a quaint custom of which he was ignorant.

Bellamy laughed. "All right! Let's get back now; I don't want the others to be first."

They toiled up the steep ascent, weary and footsore; but the girl was scarcely aware of her aching limbs—that night this handsome Englishman would go to her father and ask her hand in marriage.

The others had not yet returned from hunting, and Bellamy was able to dispose himself comfortably on an improvised couch of kit-bags and rugs before they arrived. They returned about an hour later, proud of their sport and full of commiseration with the sick man for having been out of it.

"I feel seedy," he owned, and looked ill. "I've got a touch of mountain fever, I believe. If that old chap isn't going to take us to his precious cave, I wish he'd say so and let us go: our leave is running out."

That night he interviewed Sonam Tsering, and the upshot of it was that the next day the Englishmen started on their return to Simla. The old chief had been full of excuses that Bellamy did not try to overcome, but urged the hopelessness of the affair, and return. He said good-bye to Burtso before the others, pressing her hand and promising to return. Whereat the girl was content.

On his return to Simla he found the object of his adoration gone, and he did not see her again until several seasons later. She was still unmarried; he was yet a bachelor; but his fortunes had undergone a complete reversal since former days, thanks to the diamonds.

They met at a Government House ball, and between the dances were sitting-out on the verandah overlooking the lovely grounds. It was a remote corner, and not many passed that way. From the distance came the languorous strains of the latest valse, and Captain Bellamy was rapidly becoming sentimental. He was about to propose, when he heard a stealthy step approaching along the paved terrace below. Both stopped to listen. A minute later a native girl stood before them, tall and fair-complexioned—Burtso of the Hills, clad in the dress of an inmate of the missionary college.

"You never came," she said earnestly, "so I have come to claim my revenge and my due. You gave me the bride-daggers; and should a man do that and fail to keep his promise . . . before the woman for whose sake he had deserted her, she may claim his life. I claim yours now. Do your part; I will do mine."

With a noble gesture, she stretched out her hand, which held one of the jade-mounted daggers by its point, and presented it to Bellamy. He had half-risen to his feet, and was about to step forward to remonstrate with the girl, when with a swift motion she plunged the second dagger into her breast, crying as she did so—

"I claim your death—now!"

Bellamy's partner screamed, and half-a-dozen men ran out of the ball-room to see what was the matter. Among the foremost was young Winslow, and he thought he saw his friend hastily slip something bright up his sleeve. General consternation prevailed, and the horror of this thing so got on the nerves of the guests that all attempts to hush the matter up were fruitless, and the ball ended disastrously some hours before it should have done.

Upon their return to barracks, Winslow and Hutton went to the smoking-room—empty now but for themselves—and before long they were joined by Bellamy, looking shaken and haggard. His first act upon entering the room was to mix himself a strong brandy-peg, which he gulped down nervously.

"Listen, you fellows," he said huskily; "I've got a confession to make"—and he put down a small leathern pouch on the table. "These are yours. I went down that cave the day I stopped in camp. God knows how I was tempted. I was a poor devil then, and deep in debt. I thought the treasure would never share out among us all. The girl, Burtso, took me down, and I found a dead chap there, and these, and the daggers. They're diamonds—good ones too. I've had my share, though there were enough to make rich men of the three of us. Ever so often I've tried to speak out, but I've funk'd it. I gave the daggers to the girl, and so, ignorantly, brought myself under some Tibetan superstition. Burtso has tracked me down—how, heaven alone knows. She claimed my life in forfeit for deserting her, and bade me take it there and then, but I funk'd it. Now I'll make all square. These are the diamonds—good-bye, you chaps."

Before they could stop him, he had stabbed himself. He tottered, clutched at the table, and sent the tumbler crashing to the floor. His face grew livid and he swayed, and, with a choking cough, pitched forward into the arms of his friends.

THE END



ON THE LINKS

NOT A METEOR, BUT "A FIXED PLANET IN THE GOLFING FIRMAMENT": THE AMERICAN OPEN CHAMPION.

Mr. Ouimet's Arrival.

The United States of America have the pleasure to present to the golfing world at large Mr. Francis Ouimet, of Massachusetts, on his elevation to the honourable and distinguished office of Open

of a very long putt from the top of a sloping green—but on the aggregates of the whole seven rounds he beat everybody else. His score for the seven rounds of the course (126 holes) was 528, as against Ray's 530 and Vardon's 532. Thus it might be said that he won his championship two or three times over, and never was a championship in this way so thoroughly won. Only once before, in golfing history, has it happened that the test in a first-class championship was so exhaustive, and that was when Harry Vardon, having qualified in the usual two rounds at Sandwich two years ago, then tied with Arnaud Massy for first place, and had to play off against him over thirty-six holes, becoming then the winner. But I think that the final ordeal at Brookline was far more trying for Mr. Ouimet than it was for Harry Vardon at Sandwich—that is, if there is such a thing as a trying ordeal where this young American is concerned, which, after watching him on many days, I do much doubt. Again, he headed the list at the end of the third round in the competition proper, and the old stagers assert that this is the round in which the real champions shine—or ought to do.



THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S OWN GOLF COURSE: THE EIGHTH GREEN OF "C" SECTION—WITH A PART OF "A" SECTION IN THE BACKGROUND.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Champion of their country. In doing so they make proud and proper mention of many excellent and almost unique qualities in their new champion, such as will earn—have, indeed, already earned—for him a deathless reputation. If it is true that this championship of America ranks not higher than second among the championships of the world (and there are some who would pertinently hold that, for the strong professional class that it represents, that of France, indeed, might often be the more difficult to win), it is positively a first-class championship, and all the more so for the fact that it is the premier event of a country that is a golfing power in itself, and is not merely a British championship—or something like that—in a foreign land. Then the test through which this young champion had to pass was, to my mind, the severest that has ever been imposed on an aspirant to such a title, and I can show you how this is really so. The great champions of the present and the past have all laid it down that stroke-play is the supreme test of the quality of the golfer. Every man among them will declare that it is impossible for any person to win a championship which is decided by four rounds of stroke play on a good course and not be thoroughly worthy of the honour and the title, since it is impossible for any man to fluke a victory through such an ordeal. Look through the list of men who have won the great championships since the four-rounds convention was established, and you will not find a weak one among them—only the greatest and the best.

The Test of Seven Rounds.

But if four rounds are so decisive, what, then, is the discriminating power of seven of them? This is the super-perfect test. Here in happy England our own championships are decided on a system of two qualifying rounds and then four championship rounds for each man who qualifies, the scores made in the former not counting with the latter, as many say they should do, the argument against the proposition being that it would make the test too severe, too protracted, too exhausting. But it would certainly tend more than ever to the survival of the fittest. However, that does not matter. What is of importance in consideration now is that Mr. Ouimet not only tied for first place in the championship competition proper, won on the play-off, and was all but top in his section of the qualifying competition—Harry Vardon beating him by one stroke only by virtue

Fine Nerves and Temperament.

Mr. Ouimet came through two tests of nerve and temperament which were the most enormous tests that have ever been applied to a golfing man. In playing the last four holes of his fourth round, when most champions expect to have already practically won and made themselves quite comfortable for an easy finish, he was fighting desperately for his life, and had positively to gain one stroke against par in that short time. At the fifteenth he nearly lost one instead, and that would have finished him; at the sixteenth he kept his end up; and then at the seventeenth he gained the badly needed stroke; while at the last hole he got the par figure which made him tie with the others. A more magnificent exhibition under the most trying circumstances could not possibly be conceived. That night both Americans and British said that it was wonderful, superb—and, because it was so much so, it could not happen any more, and Mr. Ouimet would surely be beaten by the two Englishmen on the following morn. But the next day—that dripping wet Saturday of everlasting future memory—he showed just as much nerve and coolness as ever before. Some will still say that, though this may not be a fluke victory, such a thing could not happen twice. But take it from me, as one who saw and does not merely speculate, that indeed it might, and that Mr. Ouimet, young as



THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S OWN GOLF COURSE: THE LARGE BUNKER DIVIDING "A" SECTION FROM "C" SECTION.

Photograph by Sport and General.



FOR THOSE WHO WOULD SPARE TIRED FEELINGS! THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S OWN GOLF COURSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT WOODCOTE PARK, EPSOM—THE FIRST GREEN OF THE "C" SECTION OF THE COURSE.

The course is being laid out in three sections of nine holes each.—[Photo. by Sport and General.]

he is, is a fixed planet in the golfing firmament, and not merely a meteor that has flashed across the sky and gone away into darkness for the rest of time.

HENRY LEACH.



SIR JAMES BARRIE: A NEW SKETCH: ORIENTAL DANCING.

SIR J. M. BARRIE is by now regarded as an old friend in the halls, his "Twelve-Pound Look" and his "Pantaloon" and "Rosalind" having become established favourites wherever they have been performed. But till now he has never paid the music-hall the compliment of actually writing something expressly for it, but has been content to transfer to it plays which have already won success elsewhere. But in "Half-an-Hour" (now to be seen at the Hippodrome) he has directly contributed to the literature of the halls, and one cannot help feeling that while writing the piece Sir James did not feel himself called upon, under the circumstances, to give of his very best. The dialogue seems to be lacking in the delicate touches for which we have learned to look to him, and the plot displays none of those ingenuities which have so long been associated with his name. This must not be taken to imply that the little play does not admirably suit its purpose. Through its three scenes the hold on the attention is never relaxed for a moment, and it gives plenty of opportunity for sterling acting. It is hardly surprising that Lady Lilian Garson finds her millionaire husband a decidedly undesirable person to live with, for he is a most violent man, addicted to the blurting out of brusque and even brutal remarks. Surfeited with her surroundings, she writes the usual letter and places it in a drawer of the writing-table, along with her jewels, and departs, with no luggage, to the rooms of Hugh Paton, a young engineer who is about to start for the East and is putting the finishing touches to his parting. He is a cheerful, unsentimental person, and welcomes the idea of an elopement. But, on going out to hail a cab, he is run over and brought back dead. After a scene with a dignified doctor who suggests that it is open to her to join her lover, she decides to return to her husband; and in the third scene we find her narrowly escaping detection in the presence of guests who have come to dinner. However, the dignified doctor, who is one of the guests, keeps her secret, and she extracts the letter from the drawer and prepares to start again on the old life. The fact that Miss Irene Vanbrugh plays Lilian ensures a brilliant rendering of the part, and Mr. Sydney Valentine is excellent as the doctor, while Mr. Edmund Gwenn is boisterously in earnest. But somehow, one looks in vain for the touch of the master-hand.

Farce with Music. There is plenty of rough-and-tumble fun-making in "The Night Before," a new musical farce produced by Mr. Herbert Clayton at the Pavilion; and it cannot be laid to the charge of Mr. Clayton's company that they do not do their level best to extract all that is to be got from a not particularly distinguished

"book." Captain Arthur Montcarres is a dashing soldier-man who is giving a bachelor party on the eve of his wedding. To this function are bidden some of his bosom friends, who have for some reason or other acquired a habit of borrowing his name when they were conducting their own private amours. This reprehensible practice leads to two ladies intruding themselves upon the party, one after the other, under the mistaken impression that the bridegroom of to-morrow is their private property. One is called "Babs," and the other is a lady of Carmenesque appearance called Inez, who enlivens the proceedings with several songs. Casting conventionality to the winds, the Captain's fiancée appears upon the scene, and, of course, the two interloping ladies must be hidden, only to be discovered and brought from their hiding-places. Naturally, the prospective bride is at first suspicious, but accepts all explanations when Mr. Herbert Clayton sings sentimentally a song acclaiming the beauty of her eyes. Mr. Herbert Clayton is quite at home in the character of the debonair bridegroom, and finds no difficulty in doing justice to the music allotted to him. The ladies most capably perform their tasks, and the men friends, whether on their feet or on the floor, play with a vigour that is not far short of violence, with the result that the farce goes with a swing from start to finish.



IN "NOBBY, V.C.," AT THE OXFORD: MR. SAM WALSH.

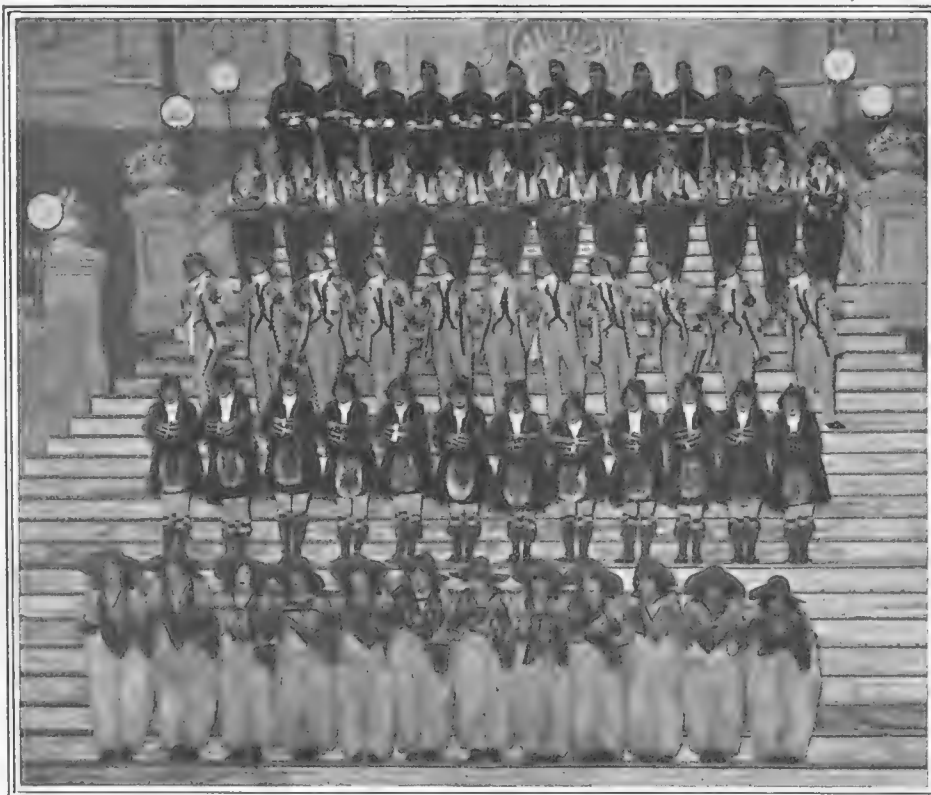
Mr. Sam Walsh, very well known as an excellent comedian and for his capital work at the piano, has made a notable "hit" in "Nobby, V.C.," at the Oxford Music-Hall.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

Yet Another Dancer.

Of the making of dancers there is no end, and the arrival of Mlle. Roshanara at the Tivoli adds yet one more to their number. I do not know what is the lady's nationality, but we are informed on the bills that she is the only white woman to whom permission has ever been given to dance the native dances of India in India itself. I am equally uncertain whether the dances she is now executing are those very

dances, but Mlle. Roshanara seems to know what she is about. She is more than common tall, and her long limbs enable her to put much grace and dignity into her poses. As is usual in such cases, there is much more of the pose than of the dance in the performance, and whether she is manipulating a burning censer or indulging in her other gyrations, Mademoiselle contrives to be picturesque. As one watches her, one is disposed to speculate upon the desirability of the proposed prohibition of Miss Maud Allan's appearance before Indian audiences. It may be that it is her British birth which leads to the ban which some people demand that the authorities shall place upon her; but if it is only a question of the colour of the skin, it is rather difficult to see why Miss Maud Allan is barred where Mlle. Roshanara is admitted. ROVER.



CAUSE OF GREAT EXCITEMENT IN THE VAUDEVILLE WORLD: THE ESCALADE, OR MAGIC STAIRCASE, AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

When rival music-hall managers simultaneously alight upon a novelty, then comes the tug-of-war! Gentlemen looking for "attractions" in the United States recently discovered "The Magic Staircase" effect. Immediately they set to work arranging to present it in this country. The London Hippodrome was first in the field. Those who appear on the staircase perform various evolutions upon it.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]



"AVIATION"—A NEW BOOK: TYRES IN THE COUPE DE L'AUTO: PÉGOUD FEATS PROHIBITED?: A NEW DAIMLER.

Aviation Made Comprehensible.

Fresh from the press comes the first really interesting book on aviation, a book which, being read by the many-headed who affect flying as a spectacle, will hugely increase their enjoyment of the exhibitions they witness by a fuller knowledge of the history, science, mechanics, and general attributes of aviation. This really



FLIGHT WITHOUT THE USE OF HAND-CONTROLS: THE MOREAU AUTOMATIC STABILITY MONOPLANE—THE PENDULUM SEAT FOR PILOT AND PASSENGER.

The aviator Moreau recently won a prize for an aeroplane having automatic stability. For twenty minutes, in a wind of over eleven miles an hour, the aeroplane, with pilot and passenger aboard, progressed through the air without the airman touching a lever or handle with his hand. Lieutenant Lafon was the passenger and official observer, and it seems that he had an exciting time of it. Now and then the machine rolled so much that the officer shouted to the airman to give up the contest. Moreau refused; and his confidence was justified by the fact that the monoplane always righted itself. In connection with this feat, it should be noted that Lieutenant Dunne, inventor of the automatic-stability aeroplane bearing his name, wrote after the event under discussion: "The prize which has just been won in France by M. Moreau . . . was not offered for flight without the use of any controls. . . . The word 'controls' was for some unknown reason defined . . . as meaning only the usual hand-levers which work the warp and elevator. Competitors were allowed free use of foot-pedals." M. Moreau's aeroplane, which is unquestionably of considerable value, has its lateral automatic stability secured partly by the wing-shape, partly by the low placement of the mass centre. Longitudinal automatic stability is secured by placing the pilot in a pendulum-seat shielded from the wind, movable only in a fore-and-aft direction, and actuating control-cords running back to the horizontal rudder.

Photograph by Trampus.

entrancing work is from the able and lucid pen of Mr. Algernon E. Berriman, late technical editor of *Flight* and the *Auto*, and now, or presently to be, chief engineer to the Daimler Company of Coventry. From the first chapter, which conveys with great clearness what an aeroplane really is, we are introduced to the constructional features, informed as to equilibrium in the air, and introduced to lateral balance and longitudinal stability. Then the principles of propulsion are explained, something is said concerning resistance, and the whole bewildering mystery of the cumbered wing explained. And all this made plain and fascinating to the untutored mind without an x^2 or anything to any power. So much for Part I. of "Aviation"; Part II. is a most interesting, instructive, and luminous history from the days of Otto Lilienthal in 1896. The work is published by Messrs. Methuen.

Dunlops Stand Savage Cornering.

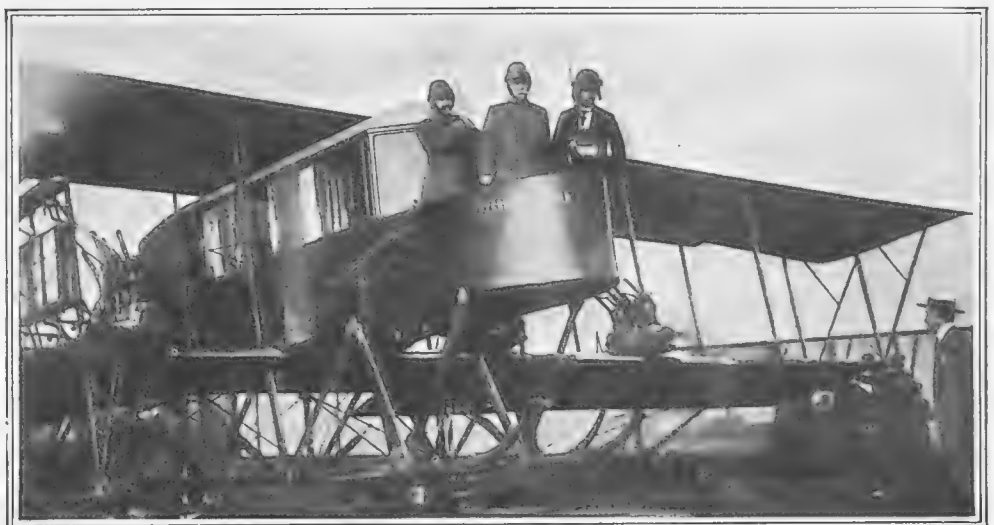
Dunlop tyres, it is true, did not figure on the wheels of the winning car in the late Coupe de l'Auto, but that was not a matter which can be held to reflect upon them in any degree. Both the British competitors had wisely elected to make use of them, and at one time things looked rosy for the home products. But, alas! the fortune of war went the other way. Nevertheless, Dunlop tyres were far from being without honour in this event. Three of the seven crack cars that actually finished in this most exacting competition were Dunlop-shod, including the third (the Sunbeam) and the fourth (the Vauxhall). It is difficult for those who have never witnessed a race of

this description to imagine the brutal treatment which the tyres have to sustain, and particularly on this occasion, when so much savage cornering was done. Nevertheless, none of the Dunlop users had any tyre trouble whatever, and that brilliant driver Lee Guinness and his Sunbeam went through the entire race of 386 miles without a stop. As it is almost the invariable practice for drivers either to change tyres or to halt and inspect to see if a change is necessary, Lee Guinness's feat speaks volumes for his Dunlop tyres.

Forbid the Loop! I note that the French authorities have resolved to prohibit such sensational feats as those of M. Pégoud in flying upside down and looping the loop. In this I do think the French Government is to be commended, and have herein shown a good example to our own people. Pégoud may continue what to me appear to be foolhardy feats without disaster to himself, but, sooner or later, some other aviator will be sure to try to emulate him. It is said that Gustave Hamel contemplates the attempt, and that the Committee of the Aero Club may pass a resolution threatening any aviator who comes under their jurisdiction with suspension if he tries to follow Pégoud's example. The same motives that drew the Roman crowd to the gladiatorial arena in the days of old Rome provoked the attendance of many of the thousands that visited Brooklands the week before last. Not one of them would admit it, of course, even to themselves, but the possibility of disaster was, nevertheless, at the back of their heads all the time. In the best interests of humanity, it is to be hoped that the Aero Club or the authorities will find it possible to prohibit these exhibitions for the future.

A Distinct Daimler Departure.

A new Daimler 20-h.p. is to be a feature of the innovations for 1914. From particulars just to hand, the new car is on lines which are a departure from the hitherto accepted Daimler process all along the line. The Knight-Daimler sleeve-valve engine is, however, retained, and recalling the wonderful success of this unique motor, it was not thinkable that the Daimler Company would abandon it unless they had unexpectedly lighted upon the perfect internal-combustion turbine. That, however, lacking a petrol Parsons, appears as far away from practical mechanics as ever. The new 20-h.p. Daimler engine will have a bore of 90 mm. and a stroke of 130 mm.—a proportion which undoubtedly makes for power, sweetness, and quietude. The magneto and pump are driven by a common cross-shaft in front of the engine and raked at an angle to the horizontal, which puts the face of the magneto in an eminently accessible position. The four-speed gear-box passes now from immediately behind the fly-wheel to incorporate with the back-axle casing, quite à l'Américain, while the pedal-applied brake is carried



OUTDOING EVEN THE FLYING 'BUS OF HENDON! THE SIKORSKY BIPLANE FOR ELEVEN PASSENGERS AND PILOT.

Seen in the car, from left to right, are the Russian military airman Dolmatoff; General Caulberg, President of the Russian Aero Club; and M. Sikorsky, constructor of the biplane.—[Photograph by C.N.]

on a rearward extension of the over-head worm-spindle and overhangs the back-axle. There are also other novel and interesting features, including cantilever springs, set at an incoming angle to the main frame.



THE long string of Ministerial and ex-Ministerial visitors to Balmoral only ends with his Majesty's departure. During the last few weeks the King has been more than commonly careful to balance one party with the other in issuing his hospitable commands, so that his duties as a political host—without politics—have been very heavy. It is satisfactory to think that the tedium of maintaining a non-committal attitude among partisans was relieved by the visit of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador. He was honoured with an invitation for a week, a period during which several guests of more purely official standing come and go. Count Albert Mensdorff is the only guest at Balmoral who professes to know nothing at all about the political situation. Perhaps that is why he has been nearly the most welcome.



THE WEDDING OF MISS KATHLEEN WHEATER AND MR. G. L. CLARK: THE BRIDE ARRIVING AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, WITH HER FATHER. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Cook Wheeler, of Springfield, Northaw, Potter's Bar. The bridegroom, Mr. Garnet Leslie Clark, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Clark, of Beenham Court, Newbury.

Photograph by Topical.

the past; but with a "cut" breakfast, and a general curtailment of unessential preliminaries and sequels, the Connaught-Fife ceremony creates a new tradition. In any case, no lady could conceal, in the recesses of a modern gown, the "plants," or folding-stick

"My Kingdom for a Chair."

The fatigues of a royal wedding have been made the most of in the Court memoirs of

A Good Beginning.

From America have lately come the Countess of Antrim, Viscount and Viscountess Dunluce, and Lord Manners and the Hon. Angela Manners. For all of them America did something very welcoming and kind, but none of their adventures were quite so inspiring as those of Mr. Alfred Noyes, who has returned to England to sing the praises of American hospitality. At times the eagerness of his friends on the other side to do everything possible for him made



LIEUTENANT FREDERICK T. DE MALLET MORGAN, R.N., AND MISS JOAN FRANCES MONCKTON, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Lieutenant Morgan is the eldest son of Colonel F. C. Morgan. Miss Monckton is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Monckton, and grand-daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Edmund G. Monckton, of Manor House, Southwell, Notts.

Photographs by Lafayette.

their days and his a little arduous. His ship, a fellow-passenger remembers, arrived in New York at 7.30 in the morning. Mr. Noyes was seized at the landing-stage and whisked off in a motor to be shown a little of the town. "See you soon at the hotel," he said to his travelling companion. At 7.30 that night he turned up, limp in a limp shirt—but only that he might put on a stiff one! All day, before so much as brushing his hair, he had been seeing New York, and was let off, to dress for a New York dinner.

A Copyhold.

Dunrobin's new Duchess is entertaining, and one of her first guests is Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, the hostess, formerly, under that same roof of a hundred house-parties. The young Duchess is making smoothness the slight strangeness that threatens the first year of a new rule. To her mother-in-law's compliments on her admirable management she only answers that if she succeeds it must be because, with the house, something else has passed into her possession—a little share of its last occupier's genius for doing all things well.



THE WEDDING OF MISS RACHEL FOLJAMBE AND CAPTAIN F. V. YEATS-BROWN: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, KENSINGTON GORE.

The bride is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel G. S. Foljambe, late 8th Battalion Sherwood Foresters, and Mrs. Foljambe, of Osberton, Notts, and 89, Queen's Gate. She is a grand-daughter of the Right Hon. Francis and Lady Gertrude Foljambe, daughter of the third Earl of Gosford, and of the Rev. Dr. Warre, Provost of Eton. The bridegroom, who is in the 60th Rifles, is the second son of Mr. M. Yeats-Brown, C.M.G., and a nephew of Sir Henry Bellingham, Bt.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]



TO MARRY MR. J. H. ELVERSON, R.F.A., ON OCTOBER 11: MISS DEVITT.

ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN THE HON. HUGH THELLUSSON, R.F.A.: MISS GWYNNYDD COLLETON.

Miss Devitt is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Devitt, of East Grinstead. The wedding is to take place there, at St. Swithin's.—Miss Colleton is the third daughter of Brigadier-General Sir Robert Colleton, Bt., C.B., of Morelands, Purbrook, Hants., and was born in 1894. Captain Hugh Thellusson is the son of the late Lord Rendlesham, was born in 1876, and is the younger of the present Baron's brothers.

Photographs by Val l'Estrange and Swaine.

chairs, often carried of old on occasions that threatened an insufficiency of seats. A policeman's trouser conceals his truncheon more or less effectively, but the French Ambassador who carried her chair under her dress at a Coronation fifty years ago would be nonplussed by the slim fashions of 1913.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

That Lake of Como.

The only thing not ultra-modern in that entertaining play, "Interlopers," is the scene on Lake Como. Why should an eloping pair think they could hide themselves from a censorious world by taking a suite of rooms in a modish hotel on the most modish of Italian inland waters? Lake Como is as much frequented as Pall Mall, and by much the same sort of people, so these lovers imagine a vain thing when they seek a "solitude of two" in these classic regions. It is difficult to imagine a more public spot. Yet the conventions of the theatre die hard. I have seen many hundreds of elopements on the stage, and the destination of the audacious couple is invariably Lake Como. Maggiore—most superb of lakes—will not serve their turn, nor will august Lugano nor tragic Guarda. It must be Como—or Renunciation. Theatrically speaking, this agreeable stretch of water is haunted by the fair and frail. What reputations have perished at the hands of English and French playwrights by its shores! In real life, alas! men go principally to Como to play golf, rather than to give up the world for Love. There is much eating and drinking, boating, and playing of games in that corner of Italy, but very little romance and adventure—at any rate, among the English visitors. And the characters in "Interlopers" are so markedly modern—the ultra-maternal wife, the professor of Eugenics, the precocious ingénue, the introspective husband, and the clear-thinking *grande amoureuse*—that you rub your eyes when you find them all in that inevitable balcony giving on the waters and mountains of Como. Persons inclined to elope should consult an atlas, for there are places in Europe—to wit, the island of Majorca—which offer much of the charm of Italy, with all the advantages of seclusion. Indeed, for such a purpose, Georges Sand and Chopin have made it classic.

London to Paris. All English people take a lively interest in the route—especially the shortest route—from London to Paris, and there are signs that it will soon occupy the same position in the minds of Parisians. For whereas all England, and notably the North and the Midlands, goes to Paris, it is only—apart from business—the Parisian who ventures over the stormy deep and takes his ease at our inns. Often he puts off the great adventure for a lifetime, and only when he is a greybeard lands on our shores. One seldom crosses homewards without encountering some agreeable old gentleman who has never been to England before, and who, in his surprise and delight at the Garden of Kent, regrets the fact, so to speak, at large. But when we have a Twopenny Tube under the Channel, the Frenchman, unlike M. Huysmans' hero in "A Rebours," will not get his English experiences at an "English Bar" near the Gare St. Lazare, but will come in his thousands. Meantime, we—or rather, the railways—might make the approaches to our native land more agreeable than at present, and charge a more moderate price. At certain ports of entry there is, to the mind of the mere woman, room for improvement in the tea-service.

Our national beverage should be better made and served if we wish to impress the foreigner. At some of the termini, too, the vague and higgledy-piggledy management of the luggage leaves one thoughtful. When shall we get a genius who will be able to tackle the Customs problem, and settle it on a more satisfactory plan? At present, it is no wonder that the *Times* has taken up the question. For a business-like, orderly people, we manage our luggage at railway stations like people in a fairy-book. The whole proceeding might have been taken direct from "Alice in Wonderland." And meanwhile, the station thief makes off with whatever his fancy fixes on. Our system may be unique, but it is singularly harassing and uncomfortable.

Spreading the Humanities.

The London County Council is setting out on the path of progress, especially in its Women's Institutes, where girls, of an evening, may learn many things which the cinema show cannot teach. It aims at social centres, with Swedish exercises, the Morris-dance, folk-song, debating clubs, libraries, and evening classes for such diverse subjects as trimming hats, home organisation, music, first aid, literature, and laundry-work. Some of these Institutes, under responsible teachers, will be open five evenings a week. Much depends upon the "head," but the new Institutes, which will be not so much evening schools as social centres, should do much in spreading the humanities.

Fashion and Frumps.

It is singular how, in the midst of all the present frenzy for fine feathers, there still exists (especially in these islands of ours) a very large mass of persons who hold Fashion in contempt. The public, indeed, may roughly be divided into two sections: those who follow the Parisian fashions breathlessly, believing themselves disgraced if they have not the latest hat and the newest skirt; and that other half of humanity which always envisages a new fashion as if it were an infectious disease (which indeed it is), and will have no traffic with the Mode until it is already out-moded. For if the fashionable person views her frumpish sister with amazement and derision, the Frump, on her part, looks upon the woman who exploits the new modes with contempt and hostility. The East End factory-girl is moved to unrestrained mirth when she views, for the first time, a lady clad in a new Paris frock. The small boy in the street is equally critical; he has his ideals, and none may contravene them without incurring his censure. On the whole, and counting our men as well as our women, I should fancy that in England there were more persons distrustful of new fashions and disinclined to follow them than in any other country. A Frenchwoman will wear the new modes whether they suit her or not, though with middle-age she often abdicates, and dresses like a "packet." But at no time of life is she hostile to the new Mode. She recognises its value in the social scheme, and never indulges in the curious limp costumes which we heap together under the generic term Artistic, and which are chiefly remarkable because no living artist has ever been known to paint one.



AUTUMNAL! AN AFTERNOON GOWN OF DEAD-LEAF COLOUR.

An afternoon gown of dead-leaf-coloured cloth, with red-fox collar and huge muff; the basque of the coat is slightly full from the waist, which is finished with a folded silk belt tied in one long end, and tassel in the front.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 14.

THE MARKETS.

THE feature of last week's business was the paucity thereof. One or two particular stocks, such as Canpacs, Unions, etc., have been moved up and down, and the newspapers have given us a long list of minor changes every day, but of any volume of real business there has been no sign.

For this a variety of causes is put forward—such as taxation, good trade, high commission, and so on. Probably it's a little bit of each, and there is no doubt that the public have been so badly treated in one or two notorious cases that they are very chary of speculation. Money is tighter, although the rise in the official rate was hardly expected so soon, and Egypt will require a good deal more gold before the cotton crop is finally ginned.

Home Rails have shown no sign of life, traffics not being quite so good, and threats of labour troubles in the cotton trade engendering a good deal of nervousness.

The Graco-Turkish dispute has again upset the Continental bourses, while the state of affairs in neither Mexico, China, nor Brazil can be considered bull points. The Rio Tinto dividend of 40s. per share was the same as a year ago, and quite satisfactory, as only a few optimists looked for more.

There are no signs of any immediate improvement, but the market position is absolutely sound and dealers generally short of stock, and we are therefore hopeful of better things before very long.

HUDSON BAY LAND SALES.

A year ago the land sales of the Hudson's Bay Company were exceptionally large, owing to the disposal in May of town lots at the Edmonton reserve. It is therefore not surprising to find that the figures for the first six months of the current financial year are considerably lower. It is clear, however, that, in addition to the above special circumstance, the Company's sales have been adversely affected by the money stringency, and the consequent falling-off in the demand for land in Canada. For the six months to Sept. 30, the farm-land sales totalled 17,800 acres, which realised £79,800—an average of £4 9s. 8d. per acre. Last year, 37,800 acres were sold for £162,500, which is equivalent to £4 6s. per acre. Town lots during the same period amounted to £19,500, against £1,158,200 a year ago. The total receipts on account of land sales (which are mostly made on the deferred payment system) for the six months totalled £214,800, as compared with £485,000.

DE BEERS.

The preliminary report of this Company, which has just been issued, makes it very clear that there has been a great improvement in market conditions for precious stones. Although the yield of diamonds per load was slightly lower than a year ago, profits have considerably increased. The diamonds sold during the twelve months to June 30, together with the increase in stocks (at cost), amounted to £6,297,800, as compared with £5,456,900 in the previous year. After various minor additions, and allowing for mining expenditure and taxes, debenture interest, and other outgoings, there remained £3,799,000, which represents an increase of close on a million pounds. £595,600 is placed to suspense account and £140,000 to general reserve fund (raising it to £1,800,000), all invested in first-class securities. The dividend on the Deferred shares is increased from 25s. to 35s. per share.

During the first nine months of the current year the import of stones into America has been nearly 30 per cent. larger than during the corresponding period of the year under review. But this may possibly have been due to a desire to increase stocks before the new tariff came into force, and, if that be so, the total for the year may not be so very much increased.

GOOD FIVE PER CENT. BONDS.

Anyone who is content with a short-dated security can hardly do better than buy Kansas City Terminal Three-Year Notes. These are secured by the deposit of 6,667,000 dols. of 4 per cent. First Mortgage Gold Bonds, the repayment and interest of which are guaranteed unconditionally by twelve of the principal railways in the United States. The current price is 98, and the interest payable January and July.

The Leopoldina Terminal Company owns the whole capital of the Brazilian Company, which has exclusive water-supply rights for the city of Nictheroy, the capital of the State of Rio, also tramways, ferry-boats, and warehouses. The Debenture debt amounts to £1,250,000 5 per cents, which are redeemable by annual drawings at par, and are guaranteed by the Leopoldina Railway Company. Interest is payable in January and July. Present price, 101 3-8.

The Chilean Northern Railway owns a concession from the Government for the construction of the northern section of a line right through the country. As each section is completed, 5 per cent.

Debentures may be issued up to a total of £3,056,000, bearing the unconditional guarantee of the Chilean Government both as to principal and interest. Present price, 96½. Interest payable June and December.

We referred to the Five-Year 5 per cent. Secured Notes of the Grand Trunk Railway about two months ago, but they can still be purchased at par. The money is required for additional rolling stock, and the Notes are secured by the deposit of £2,667,000 Grand Trunk Perpetual 4 per cent. Consolidated Debenture stock, the income from which will more than cover the interest on these Notes. The Company reserve the right to redeem part of the issue at 101 on giving sixty days' notice. Interest payable April and October.

£3,754,000 San Paulo Treasury Bonds were issued in April of this year, partly for cash and partly in exchange for existing Bonds. The Bonds are secured (1) upon £10,000,000 worth of coffee lying in Europe, (2) upon the revenues of the State, and (3) by the hypothecation of the 2½ francs per bag surtax paid on the export of coffee. The loan is redeemable at par at any time within the next ten years, and must be redeemed by 1923. Interest is payable January and July, and the present price par or a shade under.

SOAP.

Holders of shares in the great soap-making concern of Lever Brothers must not be surprised if they are again asked to sanction an increase of capital before very long. We do not think they will be required to subscribe for any new shares, but we have every reason to believe that an arrangement has been arrived at between the Port Sunlight Company and the two largest competing firms in the Midlands.

The preponderating part of the capital of both Companies will, we understand, be acquired in exchange for Lever Brothers Preference shares—and the two firms concerned will then be able to utilise certain new hardening processes which are the property of Levers.

This means that Levers will control a very much increased output, and it will probably mean an eventual increase in the price to consumers. The cost of all soap-makers' raw materials has advanced enormously of late; fats, copra, palm-oil, and all essential oils and other perfumery materials are very much dearer than a year or two ago.

OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

"It's perfectly monstrous," declared the senior partner. "There can be no possible justification for a price like one-and-fourpence—the whole thing's a rig!"

"It's no use grumbling," said the Rubber expert. "If you don't like it, leave it alone."

"Morning, gentlemen," said the clerk, as he hung up his hat. "What's all this fierce discussion about?"

"Bacon," came the reply. "It's getting——"

"Jolly good stuff too. I've had four rashers, two eggs, tea——"

"Stop!" shouted the Rubber expert. "It's too early to begin the whole catalogue of your sins. Who's got the letters?"

Someone gave him the letter-tray to keep him quiet, and the clerk continued, "When I heard you all talking about one-and-four, I thought rubber had gone up!"

"Ha, ha, ha—very humorous," muttered the R.E., whose brokerage had come down proportionately with rubber.

"Business isn't very lively, is it?" suggested the senior partner. "Oils hang fire, Mines are dull as ditchwater——"

"And only Rails are left—Home, Foreign, and Yankee: pay your money and take your choice."

"I can't make up my mind. Home Rails look so cheap, but they won't budge; Yankees I'm a bit afraid of——"

"Some of the Foreign lines are doing very well," said the clerk; "United of Havanas, Leopoldinas, and suchlike."

"I never saw such a chap," interrupted the Rubber expert; "you've always got something to recommend."

"Well," replied the clerk, "didn't I keep you out of Mexicans and Premiers, and didn't I put you into Guayaquils and Araucos——"

"Not a bit of it."

"Of all the mean, ungrateful——"

"My dear man, owing to the peculiar and unfortunate condition of my exchequer, it wouldn't have mattered if you had recommended blind pools, bucket-shops, or sharpers!"

The clerk, however, was not to be put off thus lightly, and tried to continue the list of his tips which had come off.

"A dreadful accident, wasn't it?" interrupted the Rubber expert.

"Accident?" queried the simple lad. "What was that?"

"Didn't you read about it? A trumpeter was run over just outside the office."

After a little while, when peace had been restored and the office had again assumed its normal aspect, the senior partner returned to the subject of Rails. "If only something definite were announced about Union Pacifics," he said, "it would give that market a chance; but nobody seems to know whether there's going to be a bonus or not."

[Continued on page 32.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Tango to Be. The fiat has gone forth—the Tango is to be included in the dance programmes at smart houses. Classes are being held during this autumn at well-known houses for acquiring the true art of performing this dance. Even young men exquisites are taking some pains to cut a pretty figure in the performance of it. It cannot be denied that there is opposition in exalted quarters to the introduction of the dance into the inner circles of London Society. It is believed, however, that when it finds favour in the outer circles, being danced well and gracefully, that its inclusion in the more exclusive balls will be merely a matter of time. It is beloved of young people, and they are just now the rulers of Society. It is a case of youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow, and no mistake!

Ruddy Furs. Are we, or are we not, to follow Paris in a rage for red-fox and lion, panther and leopard skins? These ruddy and tawny-tinted furs look very smart, and to three women out of ten are very becoming. Whether the percentage is large enough to make a vogue, or whether some of the other seven will prefer smartness to becomingness, remains to be seen. They are lovely furs, and go extremely well with dark head-dresses and with the very deep purple that is, perhaps, the leading shade for the coming season. Leopard-skin savours a little of the barbaric and the bacchanal; it is, however, very striking and effective, and is sure to be seen occasionally.

ENGAGED: MISS EDITH MAY HANSARD AND DR. DOUGLAS GEORGE RICE-OXLEY.

Miss Hansard is the elder daughter of the late Mr. Luke Hansard, and of Mrs. Hansard, of Gledhow Gardens, South Kensington. Dr. D. G. Rice-Oxley is a son of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Rice-Oxley, of 5, Kensington Square.

Photographs by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MR. STANLEY NOËL JENKINSON: MISS CRISSY BELL.

Miss Crissy Bell Stephens, known on the stage as Miss Crissy Bell, is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Henry Stephens, and Mrs. Stephens, of Mayfield, Datchett. Mr. S. N. Jenkinson is a son of the late Mr. Alexander Jenkinson and Mrs. Jenkinson, of 3, Hans Crescent.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

Beautiful and Tender-Hearted.

These two fine things are said of the late Lady Curzon of Kedleston on a tablet in the hall of a hostel for working women in King's Cross Road. The whole of the inscription reads: "This building, to be known as the Mary Curzon Hostel, was erected in 1913 by the relatives and friends of a woman tender-hearted and beautiful, who in her short life sought to make the lives of women happier in many lands. Mary Victoria, wife of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, born 1870, died 1906." This is a noble memorial of a character that cannot be despised—save, perhaps, by the women who burned down a prospective home for imbeciles, probably in the fear that they might be incarcerated therein. Lady Curzon, womanly as beautiful, brilliant as tender-hearted, left three daughters, who will see this tribute through a mist of tears. The eldest, Lady Mary Curzon, may be a débutante next spring, when she will have entered on her eighteenth year. She is heiress-presumptive to the Barony of Ravensdale.



ENGAGED: MR. A. ESMOND RICE-OXLEY AND MISS CONSTANCE LEIGH HUGHES.

Miss Leigh Hughes is the only child of Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, Liberal M.P. for Stockport, of 57, St. George's Road, S.W. Mr. A. E. Rice-Oxley is a son of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Rice-Oxley, of 5, Kensington Square, W.

Photograph of Miss Leigh Hughes by Vandyk.

To Read, Mark, Learn, and Remember.

A paper read by Mr. H. James Yates, F.C.S., M.I.M.E., at the meeting of the British Association is something in the nature of a revelation to householders on the evolution and efficiency of gas-fires. In clear, concise, simple language, he points out how the present faultlessness of gas-fires developed from the first crude idea; how, bit by bit, little by little, science and mechanical skill effected improvement after improvement, until, as now made, gas-fires are more healthy, efficient, convenient, and economical than any others. The perfecting of these fires, he points out in the paper, is through increasing radiant efficiency, which does away with all the discomfort induced by convected heat, and the gas-fire of to-day has literally not a fault, and is the outcome of scientific investigation and mathematical and mechanical skill. The consequence has been to make these fires immensely popular with those who like to be cleanly, comfortable, and economical.

Maximum Warmth, Minimum Weight.

These are the things chiefly required in a wrap, and they are admirably supplied in coats smartly and practically turned out by Elvery, 31, Conduit Street, W. There is perfect protection for chest and throat, with fine cuffs and collar of—if desired—reversible material, giving the long waist-line. These coats cost only four guineas, and are ideal wraps. They have arm-holes wide enough to slip on over any coat, and they are in many colourings, natural fleece being a favourite one. There are quite charming and practical wrap-coats at two guineas. Featherweight waterproof coats are most successful specialties of Elvery's. They fit into a small envelope case, and that they are absolutely waterproof is proved by the fact that a little bag, made of plain material on one side and shot on the other, is filled with water, and is perfectly water-tight. There are many delightful garments in which to brave the cold and the wet at this well-known establishment.

Youthful Princesses as Bridesmaids.

The bridesmaids of the Duchess of Fife will be five, and of these her own and only sister, Princess Maud, is the eldest, and her Highness was twenty in April. Princess Mary, only daughter of their Majesties, is next in age, being in her seventeenth year. Princess Victoria of Teck is also in her seventeenth year; her sister, Princess Helen, is more than two years younger;

and the youngest bridesmaid will be pretty little Princess May of Teck, in her eighth year, the only daughter of Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck, and the Queen's niece, god-daughter, and namesake.

Among those to whom we "took off our hats" in our issue of Sept. 24 was Private Doughty, of the Marines, who at East Cowes recently accomplished a thirty-six hours non-stop performance on the piano. We have since been informed by a correspondent that even this feat is not a record, for a piano-tuner named Napoleon Bird, of Stockport, did the same thing some twelve years ago at the Stockport Volunteer Armoury, and later, at the same place, went one better by a piano recital lasting thirty-eight hours. Our correspondent believes that he afterwards gave a non-stop performance at St. James's Hall, Manchester, of forty and a quarter hours!



IN VICUNA, WITH LIGHT FACINGS: A NEAT AUTUMN COAT.

The coat is in Vicuna cloth, with facings in a lighter and contrasting colour. It is made by Messrs. Elvery, the well-known waterproof-makers, of 31, Conduit Street, W.

Continued from page 30.]

"I think there's pretty sure to be one before very long," said the clerk. "I'm told the big holders are clamouring for one, but it may not be just at once. The shares aren't dear, at all events."

"I rather fancy the Prefs. at 88; they're perfectly safe, and have more than a sporting chance of sharing in the bonus if there is one."

"Egyptian Delta Light Railway Prefs. look a good spec. at eight and a bit," remarked the clerk. "They yield over six per cent., and are quite likely to get their full rate before long."

"These beastly rumblings in the Near East will keep all Egyptians quiet," said the Rubber expert; "but, as you were talking about a sporting chance a minute ago, I'll give you a good tip," and he whispered in the senior partner's ear.

"When is it?" asked the latter eagerly, as he wrote something down. "How do you spell it?"

"That's right," was the reply. "—l-i-n-g-h-a-m, and the date Oct. 15."

"Present price 100 to 5," laughed the clerk. "But I don't think you ought to put such ideas into his head."

Saturday, Oct. 4, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

DURHAM.—We fear the first-named Company will feel the difference considerably during the next year or two. The other Company is in a rather different position, but must be affected to some extent.

H.—See this week's Notes. Great Western Ordinary, St. James and Pall Mall Electric, Selfridge Debentures, would all, we think, be preferable.

SORROWFUL.—Get rid of all the lot. Your loss is heavy, but the shares are worth practically nothing, and if you get 3s. apiece for them, it is something out of the wreck.

AWBA.—(1) and (2) Speculative. (3) We do not know. (9) Fair, but restricted market. (12) and (17) Sell. (19) and (21) Fair. All the rest are sound.

X.Y.Z.—The outlook for the whole group of Companies is very uncertain, and we think you would be wise to take your profits.

CYPRIAN.—(1) Certainly apply; the shares will cost you nothing, and may eventually be worth something. (2) Fair—poor market. (3) All Utility Companies are out of favour, and if there is a recovery to the price you paid you should sell.

ARGENTINE IRON AND STEEL COMPANY.—It is understood that the 100,000 Reserve Debentures of the Argentine Iron and Steel

Company (Pedro Vasena é Hijos), Ltd., have been privately placed at a good rate for the Company, and presumably the contemplated issue of the balance of 150,000 Preference shares of £1 each, at par, will shortly be made. Those shares are the reserved balance of the 500,000 authorised, of which 350,000 were issued in April 1912. That issue of just over seventeen months ago was offered to the public, but the present emission will be primarily offered to existing shareholders. The new shares, like those with which they rank *pari passu*, are not only entitled to 6 per cent. Preference dividends, but also to participation in 20 per cent. of the surplus profits thereafter available. The first annual Report was for a period of 10½ months to the end of February last, but the supplement to the fixed 6 per cent. per annum dividend rate was about 3 per cent. actual, which, proportionately, would be about £3 6s. per cent. for a full twelvemonth. The directors decided, as stated at the general meeting of shareholders, that, in addition to issuing the balance of Preference capital, the Ordinary capital should be increased by 200,000 shares, from £500,000 to £700,000, making a total share capital of £1,200,000. The original total of £500,000 Ordinary capital was allotted in part-payment to the Vendors, one of whom, Mr. Pedro Vasena, immediately subscribed for £100,000 of the additional £200,000 created, while the other moiety is held in reserve for the future requirements of the Company. At the shareholders' meeting in July, Baron d'Erlanger said the sales during 1912-13 amounted to £916,087, while the figures for the preceding year were £697,217, showing an increase in the year's turnover of £218,870, or 31·39 per cent. "You will be glad to hear," he proceeded, "that the increase for the first four months of the current financial year—that is to say, since March 1, 1913, has been greater still."

Considerable interest has been displayed of late in the shares of the Santa Maria Oil Fields. On Thursday last an extraordinary meeting authorised the creation of 250,000 £1 Ordinary shares, which, with £20,000 in Preference shares, will constitute the purchase-price of 12,160 acres of leasehold land, 51 per cent. of the Shaw Ranch Oil Company, and the whole capital of the Santa Maria Valley Railroad. The rights of the 10 per cent. Participating Preference shares would have been prejudiced by this increase of capital, so it has been arranged with the holders of the Ordinary shares that the Preference shareholders shall receive an extra 1 per cent. for each 2½ per cent. paid to the Ordinary. It is estimated that these new arrangements will enable the Company to earn sufficient during 1913-14 to pay 10 per cent. on the Ordinary and 14 per cent. on the Preference.

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THE
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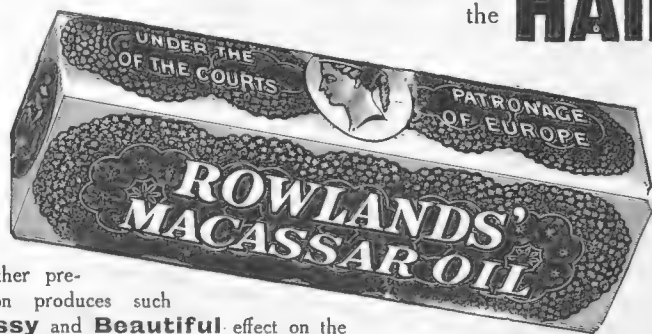
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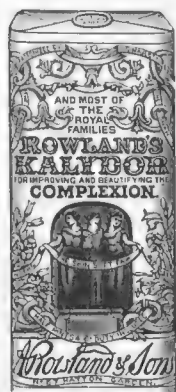
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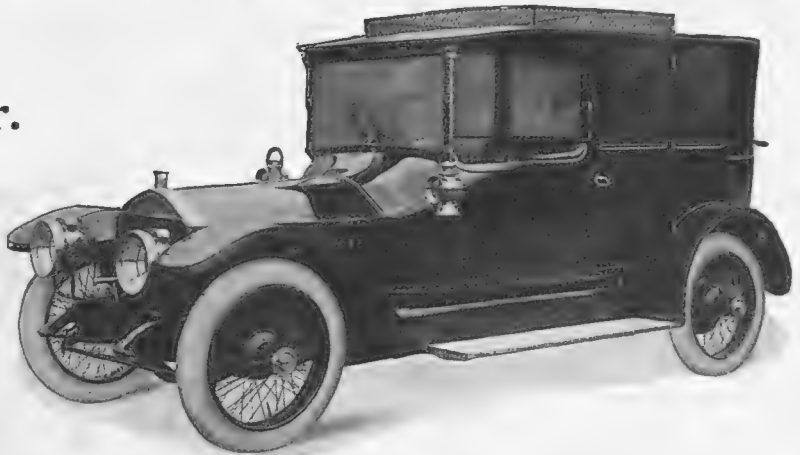
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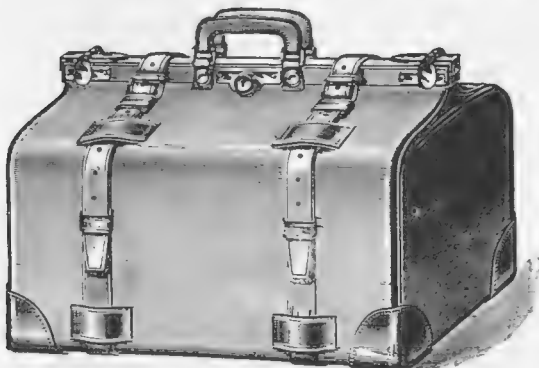
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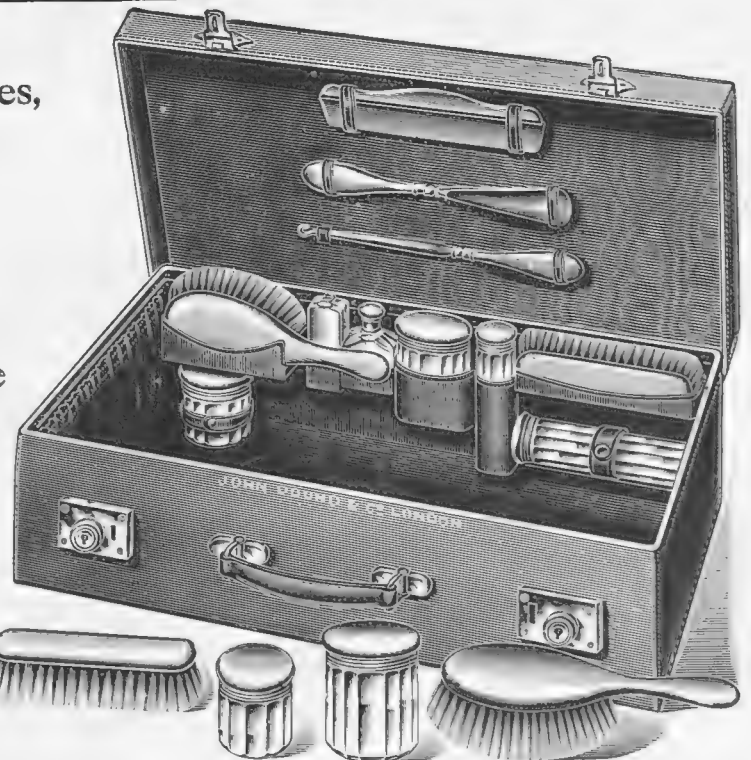
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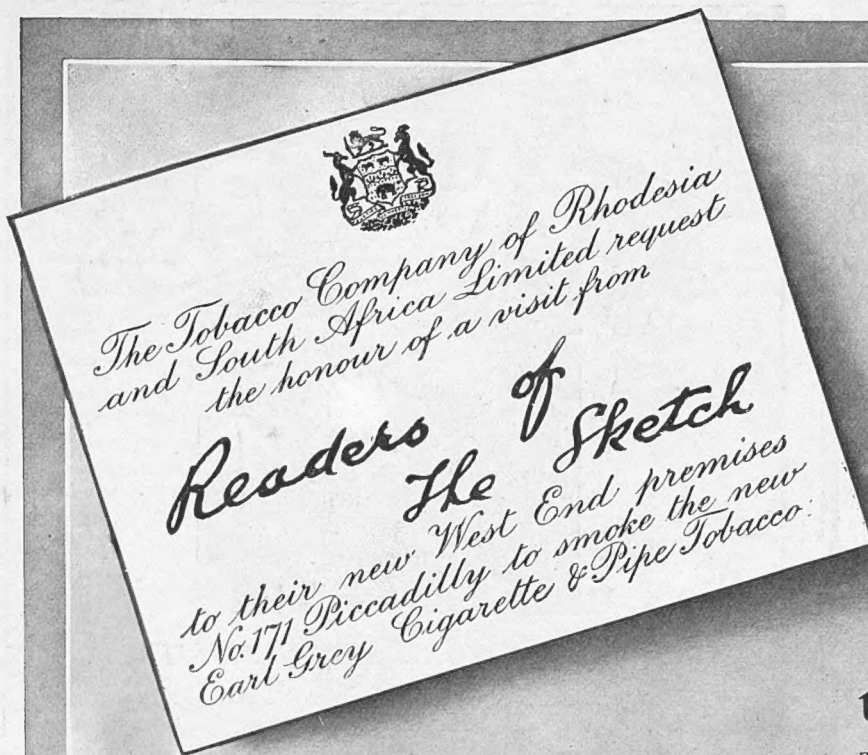
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SHOOTING GOSSIP.

OCTOBER opened badly for outlying pheasants; their safety demanded a cold wet day that would have kept the guns at home. Instead of such weather, there was, in the part from which I write, a misty morning up to about ten o'clock, followed by a burst of sunshine that remained until three or four o'clock. There was a touch of autumn in the air, enough wind to scatter the leaves in all directions, and sufficient scent to help the dogs nearly all the time. This proviso is calculated. The first pheasant that came to my gun rose suddenly from a cabbage-patch on the edge of some lucerne and tumbled into the garden of a simple countryman forty yards away. The worthy man was "diggin' taters," to quote his own description, and I saw the bird fall heavily within five or six yards of him. There is no cover in the garden, and the hedges are low, but two intelligent dogs failed to find the pheasant. "That's a master where that little ole bird's gone," said the simple countryman. "I seed him fall, an' when I looked round, he'd went." It was a bad beginning, but there seems no reason why simple countrymen should lack the good things of life. At the same time, I was glad to think that my quick glance had suggested an old cock-bird, whose number should have gone up last year. For though the dogs worked every hedge in the garden they could not pick up the scent.

I don't claim there was much to be said about the day's work, if difficult shots constitute sport. But there was a long tramp over fields and rough covers—a measure of hard walking that was most invigorating; and, while young birds might sit like stones with the gun a yard away from them, there were old cock-birds quite willing to use their feet in preference to their wings, and in several cases to beat the gun. Then there were stray shots at pigeon, partridge, and rabbit; there were manœuvres intended to be artful, and, above all else, there was the charm of the unexpected. This charm came to me with special force as I was walking home to lunch along the river-side. We had finished for the day, my companion and I having walked some miles and bagged enough to justify our labours. "It's worth coming down to the river, now and again," I remarked; "there are some wild duck about in the early morning, sometimes, and I've known the pheasants to come down to drink, although there is a little stream in the cover." He had just started to make reply, had spoken a couple of words, and then half-a-dozen birds seemed to jump up from under our feet and go all ways at once. The dogs had been sent home, our guns were empty, and those birds

went where it pleased them to go, unchallenged. Of course, we reloaded, and it goes without saying that nothing more was seen on the way back.

There is a great temptation to shoot the outlying lands too heavily early in October; but while there is anything left in the way of sheep-feed or lucerne or clover, it is well to work it sparingly. Pheasants can't fly fast just now; the most are too young and inexperienced in the ways of the world and the wiles of man. Yet a few weeks, and they will not only offer a sporting shot; they will offer a good meal, which counts for something in a world that prizes material things. Since cold-storage came into fashion, it has been easily possible to eat pheasant throughout the summer; but, without troubling the storage folk, I have succeeded in keeping birds for months. The method is simple. My housekeeper bottles them as though they were fruit, in glass jars with glass lids and rubber rings. They are partially cooked first and bottled in a stock made of beef. When required, they are withdrawn from the bottles, and the cooking business is completed. The method is nearly always successful, but there are times when the pheasant revolts against such unaccustomed treatment. Such an instance occurred only last month, when I was entertaining a distinguished novelist to lunch, and the last birds of last season were brought to table. It was currently reported in the neighbouring village a mile away, that a murder had been committed on my premises a long time ago, and that the body had been discovered by the novelist to whom I have referred. The rural imagination is not refined, but for once there was some justification in the rumour, and to have retained my guest's friendship is an accomplishment of which I am justly proud. The fault would seem to have lain in attempting to bottle a bird that had been allowed to hang. Where the bird that is shot on one day is bottled on the next, it submits without unseemly protest. So intending bird-bottlers should remember Mrs. Jarley's immortal warning, and "be in time."

If the signs of the season are as clear as they seem to be, covert-shooting will open rather earlier than usual this year. Birds are strong and leaves are falling fast. Everybody will be pleased if the season is early. Nothing creates more bad feeling between the hunt and the game-preserved than a long delay in attacking the coverts, for it stands to reason that until the guns have talked the hounds must stand aside. Naturally, if the hunt grows unduly impatient, the owner of coverts is more than ever anxious to avoid the danger of shooting his birds too soon.

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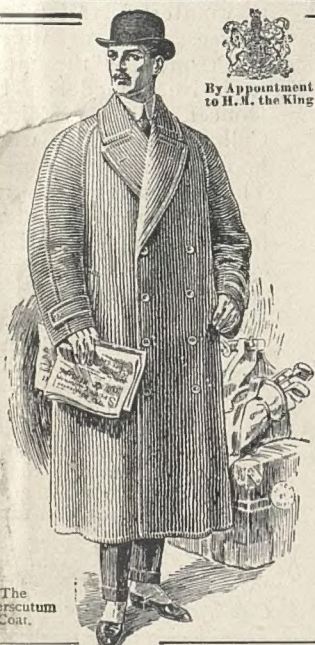


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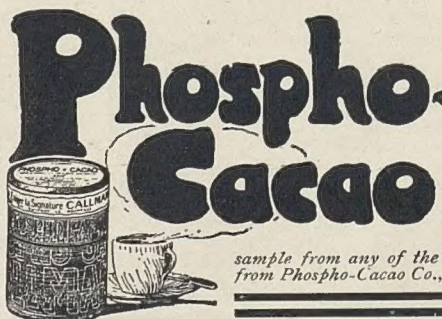
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